

LEVESQUE'S
FUTURE

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

DECEMBER 21, 1981

\$1.00



**POLAND'S
HOUR OF
AGONY**



A bottle of Alberta Premium Canadian Rye Whisky is the central focus, surrounded by festive Christmas decorations including pine branches, ornaments, and a small figurine. A glass of whisky with ice sits in the foreground. The background is dark with a warm, glowing light source, possibly a fireplace.

Each craft has its own reward.

Traditionally a time for festivity, family and friends,
Christmas inspires the arts of ornamentation and decoration.
Masters of these crafts are rewarded
by lavish compliments and Father Christmas himself.
Our craft is distilling Canadian Rye Whisky. Creating the smooth,
mellow taste of Alberta Premium is rewarding indeed.

Reward your friends. With Premium.

Masters of these crafts are rewarded

Reward your friends. With Premium.

VOL. 94 NO. 61

Maclean's

Poland's hour of agony

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The constitution was delivered to the Queen at last and will be back home soon. — Page 8

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It was a week of crumbling political and personal crises for Premier René Lévesque. — *Page A1*

Fonda and Breaty, Marlon and
Lemmon are all on the wide
screen this Christmas. — *Page 42*



An Reagan and Khadafi waged a verbal war, Washington weighed more serious moves. —Page 27

Isiahk Harry gives David Cronenberg's latest film an extra box office boost. —Page 34

MATTHEW J. WOODWARD, PhD, is professor and teaches world history at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He is the author of *Slavery, Colonialism, and Trade in the Americas* (Cambridge University Press, 2004) and *Slavery, Colonialism, and Trade in the Americas* (Cambridge University Press, 2004). He is also the author of *Slavery, Colonialism, and Trade in the Americas* (Cambridge University Press, 2004).

Prince of Peace and puny men

How the heavens must be raging with the laughter of God in derision at puny men and women who insist on establishing a *false* peace of *God*, that for Peace, Contr. Dec 7). We blithely go on our way, ignoring the Prince of Peace whose birth we supposedly celebrate at Christmas. How true are his words "There is no peace, such as my God, in the wicked" (The peace conference through the years have always ended in failure. We may as well save our time and energy. The Bible predicts *worldwide* warfare, and it will be the consummation of our wickedness.

—NED NORMAN HOGARTH
Oremville, Ont.

Growing up with a laugh

Once again, a blintz that says stop treating "us kids" as kids (Podium, Dec 14). This generation of "young folk" have the easy habit of never growing up. Their parental kids' crowd plans, shows and amusement park rides. There that go to universities search for help, and when the student loan arrives they have no intention of paying it back. Why is it responsible for students? The so-called "young folk" have the strength and brains for the job. This is the most irresponsible generation ever.

PASSAGES

CONGRATULATE Yelena Borisovna Alexeyeva, 36, from the Soviet Union following a three-week protest fast by her father-in-law, Nikolai Ivanov and Soviet dissident Andrei Sakharov and his wife, Yelena Bonner. Alexeyeva was married by proxy last June to U.S. student Andrei Simonov, 32, Bonner's son by a previous marriage, but the Soviet Union refused to recognize the marriage and denied her permission to join her husband. Sakharov's fast drew renewed international condemnation two weeks ago when he and his wife were forced into hospital.

EXOTIC: Billie Jean King's ex-lover Marilyn Barnett, 35, from the Los Angeles, Calif., beach house owned by the woman and her husband, in an evocation not filed by the Kings. Barnett has lived rent-free in the house since 1974, refusing King's offer of \$152,000 to



"There is no peace to be wished"

and the most demanding. If this is all Simon Barnett has to complain about, she should laugh and really grow up.

—BLACK HAWK ATKINSON
Scarborough, Ont.

One minor many?

I was appalled at Mookan's coverage of the constitution agreement (Contr., Dec 14). The only reason that Pierre Trudeau did not impose a much more divisive constitution on Canada was the fact that our man, Joe Clark, objected. He began his objection with no public support, a very critical media and concern within his own party. Not he persevered and, 14 months later, who will

disagree that we have a far better constitution which has broad political and public support? Mookan's does a severe injustice to Clark by not giving him more prominence. Your argument is not as "Act of Pride" —JOHN CUTHBERT
Toronto

The good, the bad and the big

It is an understatement to suggest that the leadership nations find it as much to go for as for "paradise" (Business, Dec 7). Regardless of nationality, business is business, and as such private interest will always be paramount. It has to be that or the government would be in business for long. If the public's national interest is to ensure justice, nationalists must strive for a qualitatively different society. Only then can the people be the masters of the socioeconomic, cultural and political mechanism in our own land. —STEVE HANSEN
Windsor

Paying for self-confession

If Petheringham is so appalled by the monetarism which punishes New York, why did he bother to describe them in such precise detail in his column *The Big Apple* Words and All (Dec 7)? If New York is a "suffering land," why did he dare to brunch in the Village, let alone later to jazz out down? Also, the column at all too consistent with the damage he admits to in his first paragraph. —JOHN MC GOWAN
Toronto

though he suffered a mild heart attack last month. Arms commander Leopoldo Fontaine Gaiter will replace him.

SEEN: American industrialist Edgar P. Kaiser, 73, chairman of the giant steel and construction conglomerate Kaiser Industries. Originally founded in British Columbia, the family-dominated corporation under Kaiser figured prominently in the U.S.-war effort and the subsequent expansion of the West.

RESCINDED: Prime Minister Anders Jensen, 59, of Denmark after his Social Democratic Party suffered heavy losses in last week's general election. With 50 seats in the 179-seat parliament, the Social Democrats still held the most seats, and Queen Margrethe II has requested that Jensen stay as caretaker prime minister while negotiating with the right-right parties to form a coalition government.



Trust Barbara Amiel to sum up in one page the point that volumes of writing have missed. Her argument is logical, succinct and, as usual, free from bias. I suggest that Mookan's snail this column is every thinking person in the "free" world. —DAVID TIERLING
Peace River, Alta.

Life, death and numbers

Why should Peter Newman be surprised that few Europeans believe that the U.S. stands for peace (Editorial, Nov. 20)? The Soviets claim that NATO has 300 medium-range, forward-based missiles in Europe, compared to 875 for the Warsaw Pact. The 500 Soviet SS-9s are replacement, not additions, and are already countered by 119 British and 144 French missiles, which NATO refuses to include in its arsenal. Yet President Reagan, unusually, expects the U.S.S.R. to unilaterally scrap all of its 50-50s. The proposed addition of 579 new NATO missiles is seen by Europeans for what it is—provocative and dangerous overkill. —ST. CLIFF
Edmonton

Why should the U.S.S.R. believe Ronald Reagan's proposal not to deploy Pershing II and cruise missiles? Only a short while ago he reversed the U.S. policy as to the development of the neutron bomb. The U.S. is always first in the development of new weapons. New weapons will not bring peace. Perhaps if the U.S. set an example and stopped producing additional nuclear warheads, the U.S.S.R. would see them as being more sincere.

—FRED ANTHONY WILKINSON
Highgate, Ont.

Anyone who equates the death of individual soldiers or victims of anguish (both evils beyond count) with the instantaneous deaths of thousands, coupled with the random mutation or total destruction of the gene pool of all forms of life on Earth is the most ignorant, most selfish person alive.

—MR. AND MRS. R. WILLIAMSON
Nassau, B.C.

Barbara Amiel seems to be proposing that Europe can only avoid nuclear war by creating the conditions that make such a war possible. She is totally out of touch with the masses and people involved and writes with a style more suited to the pen of Senator Joe McCarthy. The fear of European as all age groups in the destruction of a continent in a war in which they have no involvement or sympathy. The peace movement in Europe is not irrational or impractical to reason. Such dancing committees should be applied to U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig, to whom Amiel attributes "reasonable" statements. —HAROLD'S BORN
Billsbrook, Ont.

Letters are printed and may be condensed. Write to: *Editor, Maclean's*, 1111 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5W 1A5.

later. Having restrictions must be imposed immediately if the carbon are to survive. —LAL WILLIAMS
Toronto

Go forth and multiply

I must agree that parents of newborn babies should receive a few days, with pay, in addition to the 60 days of parental leave. For example, an employer's maternity leave at 50 per cent of salary in reduction. Why should taxpayers pay public servants to reproduce? That's their own business. —JAMES MCKINLEY
Midhurst, Alta.

A different drummer

The criticism that your reviewer gave the National Ballet's Naxos was definitely not called for (Dance, Nov. 20). Karen Koon and Peter Schaeffer did a superb job, and the outcomes and security were wonderful.

—DAVID FORBES
Burlington, Ont.

One of a few

On behalf of Paré's/Quebecois High School's Handicap Awareness Week, I am happy to congratulate you for using the disabled in your magazine articles and advertisements in the International Year of Disabled Persons. We have surveyed many magazines, and Maclean's was one of the few that included an article or advertisement on disabled persons. —NED (JOHN) Z. Paré/Quebec, Que.

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with a rich cargo
of Alcan aluminum.

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grown from a small company in
Shawinigan Falls, Quebec to be a
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brings jobs and industry. More than
sixty thousand people, in over
100 countries, are now part of the
Alcan world family.

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need for lightweight, energy-saving
aluminum grows, Alcan is plan-
ning now for future needs.

For Alcan, at home and
around the world, the future is
in aluminum.



THE FUTURE IS IN ALUMINUM.

Battle of the sexes recharged

By George Jonas

Much has been written in recent years about our inescapable habit of stereotyping women. I can easily understand why. Women are, indeed, often perceived as wearing slacks, headless of the fact that some of them wear trousers. In civilian dressings, it is still customary to depict women with suitable mannish pretensions, though reality would frequently indicate this to be more wishful thinking on the artist's part. However, women are not the only victims of such stereotypical thinking. There are the losers of the male world. Yes, male, too. It's not a typographical error. Remember us? We make up nearly 50 per cent of all humanity, short or tall, cute or bitchy, capable of pleasure, pain, amusement and anguish. We co-exist with women the capacity of being stereotyped—

though you'd better think so, considering the kind of press we've been getting lately.

I'm not talking about minor matters. If you want to portray an as trimmer as blithering idiot, sneaking out to play golf at the crack of dawn while the thunder from nearby mother natures rattles the right spots on our detours, go right ahead. If you wish to represent an as trimmer as creature reduced to whispering helplessness by the revealed complexity of a hole in our socks, please yourself. We can take it. The bumbling male, the male-as-nothing-but-a-big-kid, has been with us since the days of comedia dell'arte.

I'm talking about a more recent kind of stereotyping. During the very years that women have been complaining most indignantly about being stereotyped, this new kind of male stereotyping has crunched open proportions. Consider the following examples.

Sex (battering her assistant) Boy, I saw you with that blonde at the movies. We'd talk about married. And that makeup! You can't waste that kind of time when you're struggling with your P&ID. But you man are all the same, frightened of intelligent women.

Sex (lighting a cigarette) That's an, all right. Would you have the heart to tell her [a] that the blonde already has her PhD or [b] that the assistant is an engineering major? Or that female who comes up with that line about not being frightened of intelligent women generally means as if you'd go on days when they feel really rested?

Or what about men having to work for women bosses? "Why would I have it," a friend of mine tells me, "when it really changes nothing? I used to have this lady working for me. We'd go out for business lunches sometimes, and naturally I'd pick up the check. Well, a year ago they appointed her divisional manager. I'm now working for her. But we still go out for business lunches, and I still pick up the check!" Another friend tells me a different story about lunching with his boss. "When they appointed her," he says, "she asked me to lunch, making a point about the fact that she was going to pay. When the cheque came, she handed it to a fellow man, signing off where is sign her charge. Then she

decided to leave the tip to cash, except that she had no change. I offered to leave a tip, of course, but she said so. Did I have change for a twenty? I handed her the change and she left a five enough tip."

"So, in all the fussing she forgot to give me my twenty. The entire meal cost only \$18."

Well, then you have it. And not only are men harboring such groundless resentments against the women they work for, but, much worse, themselves. Females are commonly said to reduce them to a state of physical impotence. There is that we should be good for—and we're good, even for that. The lady who last mentioned this to me at a dinner party told me to another as a fortunate tendency she had discovered in us.

"You rape," she said to me accurately.

"Pardon me?" said I, a little startled.

"When you go rampant when we waste you," she explained, "then when we don't, you turn around and rape. Men! I can't figure you out."

We are an enigma, I suppose, if you put it that way. Perhaps the reason men and women find it so hard to figure out each other is that they both want fundamentally different things: the women want the men, and the men, the women. But this is known as a circular argument in philosophy. As a jaded stereotyped male, my only plea is for a little fairness. True, once in a while we abuse women, but most of the time we get them mad from Christ. I say, give all this equality crap over. All this equality crap.

may make some of us impatient, but it still seems to have been more the duty of the suffragettes that we have nearly doubled the population of the West. Admittedly, a few of us may find it our women in the boardrooms of the nation. But all the vast majority of us do is to drive the nation's cars, raise its chickens, collect its garbage, drive its buses and blow dry its inhabitants' hair.

We're not such a bad lot, statistically speaking. For every child we fail to support, for instance, we pay the way of 59 to a degree in comparative literature, often against our better judgment. What's more, we have never attempted to force Stalin-or-Men communists to outline all textbooks or communists that depict us as being unable to warm up a television.

Because, in the end, what is wrong with stereotypes? People don't take them literally, unless they are complete women. We all know that stereotypes are not the whole truth. We all know that individuals, whatever group they belong to, are different from one another in much more important ways than those in which they are similar. A stereotype is just a convenient, a better lie, a shorthand acknowledgment of some common denominators. As such—like it or not—it is often accurate enough.

And now that I have got this off my chest, I think I'll sneak out to play a few holes of golf with an extremely well-stuffed blonde.

George Jonas is an author whose latest book is *Practical Deceit*.



THE SCHENLEY AWARDS

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The awards are sponsored proudly by the Distillery Company that founded them more than 25 years ago.

MOST OUTSTANDING PLAYER

- 1949 Omer Brack, Montreal
- 1950 Dave Green, Winnipeg
- 1951 Ray Gabor, Ottawa
- 1952 Jimmy Edwards, Hamilton
- 1953 Ben Lancaster, Saskatchewan
- 1954 Willy Baudin, Calgary
- 1955 Tom Wilkinson, Edmonton
- 1956 George McGowan, Edmonton
- 1957 George Henson, Hamilton
- 1958 Don Jones, Winnipeg
- 1959 Ben Lancaster, Saskatchewan
- 1960 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1961 Bill Brown, Toronto
- 1962 Peter Lister, Calgary
- 1963 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1964 George Rod, Saskatchewan
- 1965 Louie Lacombe, Calgary
- 1966 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1967 Kenney-Dick, Montreal
- 1968 Norm Fehmy, Hamilton
- 1969 Jack Parker, Montreal
- 1970 John Bright, Edmonton
- 1971 Jack Parker, Edmonton
- 1972 John Fink, Edmonton
- 1973 Hal Alderson, Montreal
- 1974 Pat Milner, Montreal
- 1975 Sam Edwards, Montreal
- 1976 Billy W. White, Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1949 Gerry Dunlop, Montreal
- 1950 Dave Green, Montreal
- 1951 Tom Caldwell, Ottawa
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1955 Norman Keung, Edmonton
1956 Larry Jones, Winnipeg

MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

- 1953 Ray Hertz, B.C.
- 1954 John Hertz, Calgary
- 1955 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1956 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1957 John LaFrance, Edmonton
- 1958 Ken LeVine, Ottawa
- 1959 Ed McQuarrie, Saskatchewan
- 1960 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1961 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1962 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1963 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1964 John Brown, Hamilton
- 1965 Brock Hertz, Winnipeg
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MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

- 1949 Mike Wilson, Edmonton
- 1950 Mike Wilson, Edmonton
- 1951 Tom Croft, B.C.
- 1952 Al Wilson, B.C.
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- 2025 Al Wilson, B.C.

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1949 Dave Kapler, Edmonton
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MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1949 William Miller, Winnipeg
- 1950 Brian Kelly, Edmonton
- 1951 Brian Kelly, Edmonton
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Schenley Canada Inc.



THIS CANADA

In praise of country stores

"If we don't have it, you don't need it." This sign, etched in wood above the door to Aunt's General Store in the Beaver, Sask., is an invitation to cross the threshold into a time-of-the-century atmosphere—the days when every pioneer town looked to its general store for the staples of life.

Long a landmark of the Beaver's wide and dusty main street, Aunt's remains one of the few mainstays in small-town Saskatchewan. While other general stores are boarded up, reminders of a bygone era, Aunt's is a bustling emporium, alive with prairie customers who come for dry goods, hardware, food and following the sisters are stacked with everything from coffee brooms to cowboy boots, vegetables to veterinary supplies. The sprawling store area has a boisterous niche where the regulars gather to play cards, drink coffee at 25 cents a cup and talk politics. They begin tramping in at 11 a.m., an hour before the mail arrives. The store handles in one of these small booths to play card games such as "unwar" for "two bits a game and a rachel" or penny-a-point rummy. Their moves do the shopping, then swap tales over coffee. "I think being able to sit down with a coffee is the thing that really helps," says owner Ron Aust, 39. Dean Holbrook looks up from a game of snooker with Nelson Harris, Ron's lifelong and municipal councillor Clarence Fisher. "There is a certain atmosphere here," he says. "You look forward to seeing in and relaxing."

Indeed, Aunt's has been a focal point for this hamlet of 75 residents and the

surrounding area since 1880. Though farm incomes are down because of a dry summer in this wheat-farming district, Aunt expects sales will grow modestly to \$400,000 this year. The Beaver's isolation accounts in part for the store's success—Weyburn, the nearest city, is 128 km northwest and Regina, a two-hour drive north—but other rural general stores are not so fortunate. May that sprouted up along the C.N. main line through the 1980s, eventually succumbed to the specialized tastes that came with the arrival of trendy city stores. For 20 years, Wilfren Jewelski owned and operated a general store in Scarth, 30 km north of Regina, but it finally gave up in 1970 when even 16-hour days were not enough to scratch out a living. "I remember one time when

there were five general stores in our 40-km stretch of highway. Now there is only one left. With the better roads, people are willing to drive farther to do their shopping," says Jewelski.

John Archer, president emeritus of the University of Regina and a noted Saskatchewan historian, laments the trend toward fewer country stores. "Looking back on it all, the competition between Eaton's catalogue and the village store—there was something Eaton's couldn't provide," says Archer wistfully. "The smell of kerosene, paraffin, rummies, dried prunes. They used to call dried prunes C.P. strawberries. But these smells, and the manners and mores on the boats trooped all over the place, gave a country store the right smell. I always thought it was a friendly smell."

But it was the list of glories offered by the glossy Eaton's catalogue that created tension between the local general store merchant and his customers, especially at Christmas. "Farmers loved to order from the catalogue, everything from hog underwear to Christmas toys," explains Archer. "Then after Christmas, some would bring their eggs and butter to the general store. There would often be friction because they wanted the storekeeper to buy their goods, yet they'd selected their Christmas gifts out of the catalogue."

The tradition of catalogue shopping at Christmas persists today, but Aunt doesn't mind. As always, he puts up the Scotch pine Christmas tree in the store, and hands out small boxes of chocolates to all his customers on Christmas Eve. The bulk of the holiday business may go elsewhere, but at least there is some satisfaction in the knowledge that the general store has in fact outlived the Eaton's catalogue. —DALE BISHOP

Aunt's (above), coffee brother: 'you look forward to coming in and relaxing'



THE SCHENLEY AWARDS



In the last 9 years, the outstanding products of Canadian Schenley have won more Monde Selection Award Medals than any other Distiller in Canada.

The Monde Selection is the world's most respected competition for spirits. Schenley has been recognized with 27 Gold Medals, 10 Silver and 4 Bronze...41 in total.

The highest honor given, the Monde Selection perpetual trophy, was awarded in 1979 to Schenley's O.F.C. 8 year old Canadian Whisky for winning an unprecedented 3 consecutive Gold Medals.

In the world of spirits, one name stands out, one name synonymous with excellence: Schenley.

SCHENLEY O.F.C.

Schenley O.F.C. has received 9 Gold Medals and the Monde Selection perpetual trophy. These awards are fitting tributes to the outstanding 8 year

old Canadian Whisky that is a favorite throughout Canada.

TROEKA VODKA

Schenley's famous Troeka Vodka has won 4 Gold, 1 Silver and 1 Bronze Medal. It has also won the loyalty of Canadians who prefer an outstanding Bloody Mary or Screwdriver.

SCHENLEY LONDON DRY GIN

Schenley London Dry Gin is the only dry gin that has ever been awarded a Gold Medal, and it has been awarded 4 of them. It is the outstanding way to begin an award winning Martini.

RON CARBOCA WHITE RUM

The 1 Gold, 4 Silver and 1 Bronze Monde Selection Medals confirmed

the excellence of Ron Caroca Rum. It is bottled in Canada, using pure cane spirits imported from the islands, with outstanding results.

Distilled in Canada by Schenley Canada Inc.

A balancing act on a tightrope

By Hal Quinn

She lies on a bare black vinyl mattress in a metal crib. The soldiers are cuffed by a wire mesh dome, secured by a padlock. Her head is shaved. A dirty black dress covers most of her as she lies sucking her fingers. She cannot see or hear; she grows fat, lechered. Sometimes she bites herself. Her rage over the past five of her nine years have been contained by her tiny metal prison. In this dismal one-by-two-metre room of San Pedro Asilo de Invalidos in Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras, she is not alone.

Below the open window at the end of her world, an elderly woman lies facing the ceiling, grappling with insanity. In the corner, a tiny woman curled in the fetal position rocks on her bed. In the crib beside her is an infant, horribly thin arms fluttering, her teeth protruding from her skull. In this country of almost four million, the second poorest in the Americas (after Haiti), there is no other place for them.

Beyond the lawn of the asilo (institution) past the mounds and bushes sitting in the sun, through the wire fences, across the wide avenue shaded with cacti and bougainvillea, just down the slope toward the city centre are the mountains protected from the adjacent reality by high wrought-iron fences and Dominican policeman guard dogs. On the corner, at the Esfera Americana Restau-



Young Honduran soldier on guard duty and peasant girl unconquering frustration

raats, the Belgian chef prepares sauces for dish-borne diets.

Tegucigalpa (population 445,000) refines at every turn the natural beauty and playing social tapestry that have enthralled the neighbouring countries of El Salvador, Nicaragua and Guatemala and render Central America a tragic flash point. Conquered by the Spanish conquistadores for her Mayan silver and gold, Honduras is still the object of exploitation. Yet used as the Central American foremost of the past decade, Honduras has remained relatively calm. The U.S.-supported military regime that ruled the country until last year when the first

in the front seat, surrounded by the driver when the gringos climbed in the back. Like the girls that work outside the luxury hotels, she is just slightly older than the barefoot women who beg by day and sleep black in doorways at night. She is handsome like the other girls in her age, not yet worn down like the women vending cassette tapes in the central mall. "Quiero Sonar" or "I want to be a singer." A day's shopping will buy a few tortillas.

The new stalls in traffic in front of the pale brick, hurried presidential palace in the city centre. Young soldiers, 15 or 16 years of age, bring attention as they casually, with the weight of their submachine-guns. Many of them, perhaps these too, were pressed into service for the Honduran army has been known to station troops in front of cinemas, grabbing the young men for an overexposed induction, as they leave with their dates. They will serve on the Nicaraguan border or in the refugee camps assisting El Salvadoran soldiers in hiding refugees back across the border. They may patrol hotel lobbies in groups of four in camouflage fatigues or stand in front of the police.

Living in the shadow of this strong military presence is accepted as a way of life for most Hondurans. Following 18 years of virtually uninterrupted military rule, few now expect a lessening of the armed presence. Pressured by the Carter administration and prompted by a U.S. promise to double aid to more than \$60 million in the current fiscal year and provide some \$16.7 million in military assistance, the ruling junta held elections last year to reactivate the long-suspended National Assembly and

to set the stage for last month's presidential election. But there were few illusions that the election of General Liberal candidate Dr. Roberto Somoza Gardea (March 14, Dec. 14, 1981) would bring about the badly needed social and economic reforms. "All three parties in the elections had to agree to respect a board of generals in order to maintain a state of emergency, matters of elected," said one government official. "If the new government tries anything that the military doesn't like, suddenly there will be a skirmish on the Nicaraguan or El Salvadoran border, and the constitution will be suspended," he explained.

But the United States, wary of needing the problems brought about by its overly involvement in Nicaragua and El Salvador, has asked a strong claim in Honduras and is attempting to avoid popular unrest by ensuring the country's social and economic change. The general election is viewed as a test of the moderate approach to political reform in Central America favored by the Reagan administration. The need for reform is obvious to even the most casual observer. The true grip of the Honduran generals has been effective—and corrupt. "It doesn't take much to realize that a Dominican colonel can buy a \$250,000 house and a \$90,000 Mercedes on a salary of \$5,500 per month," said one foreign aid official.

Land reform is perhaps the most pressing need, repeatedly addressed by the ruling bodies during the past 16 years. But there is little popular hope that the election will bring change. Honduras is a true "banana republic"—U.S. banana growers control the bulk of the fertile San Pedro and Aguape valleys, while a small number of powerful Honduran cattle ranchers own most of the balance of the rich, arable land. Despite the inequities, peasants are few



Child-soldier shack (above), newly elected Honduran flag (left)



and quickly noted since the misery of atrocities that befell a group of peasant protesters a few years ago in a civil war in the minds of most. During a 1976 banana strike, as the peasants headed to Tegucigalpa from the headquarters of the National Peasants Union in Jutupa, they were attacked by gunmen reportedly in the employ of a wealthy landowner. Five people were killed over the next victims of that another strike, including two Americans, a Spaniard and a Canadian priest, were kidnapped," recalls Ferrer Pelletier, a volunteer social worker from Longueuil, Que. "I am told the hostages were taken to a farm and put down well while still alive. The gunmen poured lime down the well, then blew it up."

The battered Honduran man is climbing past the central army, away from the city cradled in a circle of mountains. "These shacks are the most miserable I have ever seen," Pelletier explains. "In May, when the rains started, two slipped off and came down on the next one. Twenty people died." As the road leads around a cliff, Pelletier points to the shacks, seemingly sitting on top of

each other. "From that ridge, through the valley in less than 45,000 people live. They have nothing and they give everything."

On the other side of the city, past the Choluteca River, where peasant women wash their clothes downstream from the bridge from which women by the bag of refuse, beyond the women's teachers' college and shopping mall, a peasant woman is warmly greeted by the office workers at Asilo-asito administrative headquarters Santa Paulina Amara. From a building built in 1953, came to Honduras 10 years ago. Drained in a flooded house and brown slacks, she states proudly, "This is my home." The organization for which she works is the home, too, for more than 1,500 orphaned and abandoned children.

The children's home of the vicar, Kierdell (the relief organization headquarters in Vienna) was begun in 1968 when Sister Maria Rosa came to work as a nun in Tegucigalpa to assist her in relieving the suffering of the children in jails. At the time, if parents convicted of crimes had no money to care for their children, the whole family went off to the equivalent of jail. From the 20 children freed from the cells 25 years ago, the Sociedad de Amigos de los Niños-Adolescentes now has four villages where youngsters share homes with substitute parents.

"Many of the children come to us when the mother dies in childbirth," Sister Amara explains. "For the poor Hondurans, a girl has no self-worth, and she can't see the way of the poor. She has a baby by age 14. She is often undernourished. Most likely the child often produces milk, and the baby is fed rice water—what is left after the rice is cooked. Many of them die, of course." Amara is a hard-core Catholic, the largest village in the world, the orphaned children are being fed by nuns, patient young girls, orphan themselves. Some of the windows of the concrete block row have been boarded over, the names victims of that another strike, including two Americans, a Spaniard and a Canadian priest, were kidnapped," recalls Ferrer Pelletier, a volunteer social worker from Longueuil, Que. "I am told the hostages were taken to a farm and put down well while still alive. The gunmen poured lime down the well, then blew it up."

Another taxi, once a shiny Lincoln Brougham, now a three-wheel-powered vehicle, heads back to the city. On the crowded streets, the hawk-like arches come into view. A man in a white shirt and a woman in a white shirt are walking. "We say if you come with us we will give you a house, food, an education. But they say, 'We want the streets.' They take their freedom. Maybe in a few generations it will be different."

The taxi driver, a Mercedes 360 cc. sedan with the air-conditioned passenger, the radio blares the government slogan proclaiming unquiescence in Central America, *Reforma es diferente*. "Welcome to the land of peace and love" it says. ☐



Street children struggle for survival, object of exploitation



Sister Maria Rosa, playing tug-of-war

Flying with clipped wings

President Ronald Reagan's getaway dreamer is fine 11,500 legally striking air traffic controllers in August wreaked overnight havoc on air travel. Suddenly executives, passengers and jet-setters were hit with major delays and cutbacks, and in the case of white-knuckled passengers, acute anxiety about the safety of flying the friendly skies. Although it will be years before things are completely back to normal, the worst of the warrens and uncertainties have been eliminated. Flights have been trimmed to about 78 per cent of pre-strike levels, and good-weather delays still occur up to six times more frequently, but the substitution of larger planes means that total

11-12 "We expect things to be pretty good for the Christmas rush with perhaps only a few more reductions in scheduled flights. So far our safety record has not been a matter of week. It's been a deliberate strategy to build a sense of a culture of safety into the system."

The culture of safety has included cutting back the number of scheduled flights, especially at the U.S.'s 80 busiest airports. Another fee-per-seat reduction was made in December as a precaution against severe winter weather and to get many of the over 30,000 controllers—who have been placed to work from the realm of nonstriking controllers, supervisory personnel, mil-



Controller at Chicago's O'Hare airport, Pol (right) acute anxiety about friendly skies

lating capacity is only down about five per cent. The airlines are using more of the cutbacks, and the strike has provided the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) with a bargaining position to a chaotic overhauling problem. In fact, the only ones with nothing to cheer about are the strikers themselves.

There have been no major air disasters since the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization (PATCO) strike, but the onset of winter weather and the hourly-busy of Christmas air travel is once again focusing attention on the overworked and undermanned towers. FAA's chief worried that it could be a matter of time before a major air crash, the FAA asserts with equal force that the skies have never been safer. Says Fred Parson, spokesman for the

FAA, "These safety assurances may not be adequate compensation for travelling between [the Robert Speck, a St. Louis, Mo., shoe buyer, whose career depends on jet-hopping around the U.S. Says Speed "It used to be you could get

where you were going any hour of the day. Now, I spend half my life waiting to take off." Airlines report, however, that most air passengers have adjusted to the new trimmed-down schedules. The airlines themselves certainly have. Since the strike, most major commercial airlines have made up for fewer flights by using wider-bodied planes and jumbo jets. As a result, there has been little loss in the total number of seats. Airlines have cut more than 18,000 workers from their payrolls since the strike. The new regulations limiting the number of take-off flights have also increased competition on certain routes, which could be bad news for consumers' growth and to whapping fare discounts and convenient selection.

Will the skies ever be the same again? The FAA predicts that things will be somewhat spotty again by 1984, when 45,000 controllers will be manning the towers. This is down from the 17,000 who watched the shipping services before the strike, but the FAA has long maintained that the control towers were blocked with useless bodies. The PATCO strike—with demands for a \$10,000 raise for workers averaging \$33,000—brought the problem to a head and revealed to an unsympathetic public that towers were manned on peak-hour staffing even at times, as on weekends, when airports were not busy.

If, as the airlines and FAA say, Christmas will be a good time for flying patterns, the same cannot be said for unemployed PATCO strikers. "It looks like it will be a bleak Christmas," says John Burman, 25, of Seattle, Wash., who earned \$44,000 before the strike as a supervisor and now makes about \$13,000 a month as a cabinetmaker and carpenter. Like Burman, many of the fired controllers have taken a massive loss in pay since finding new jobs. Some have become teachers and liquor-store salesmen, others have held out on looking for work thinking that their strike might be settled and that they might one day return to the towers. As a consolation package, they also have been barred for three years from working for any federal agency. Robert Pol, president of the controllers' union, is helping feverishly to get the striking PATCO workers back in the towers, but so far to no avail. A small commission was made recently when Reagan said he might lift the ban on hiring in other federal positions. To the union, which faces \$150 million in fines and applied last last month for reorganization under the Federal Bankruptcy Act, it was the first good news since the strike. Says Pol, "It's a recent meeting of the union in New York. 'Our people are missing. They not back! But they have suffered greatly, and it's now time to get back to work.'" —DAVID UHLER

Lévesque's days of decision

By David Thomson

Ross Lévesque needed some comforting by week's end, he was physically drained and emotionally bent under an accumulation of burdens that had culminated in his dramatic 100-hour threat to resign from the Parti Québécois leadership at the close of a six-day party convention. His PQ supporters had repudiated popular democracy in their chosen means of attaining independence and had accepted one shocking, startling outcome to be rejected and overturned. PQ leadership Jacques Ross, but the Quebec premier was also suffering deeper, more personal crisis.

The full implication of his defeat in Quebec's constitutional referendum of May, 1980, finally struck home. And the final dissolution of Quebec's powers under the federal resolution was carried to London last week instead of strengthening his position, Lévesque was the first premier since Confederation to provide over its debilitation, most painfully, in the anticipation of what had been assumed to be a veto over constitutional change in a last-ditch, safeguard session. In government, Lévesque's Court of Appeal to rule whether the province could sign a veto as a constitutional convention.

The outcome of that case is, of course, unpredictable. But the prospects for Quebec's acceptance of Lévesque's challenge for a sovereign Quebec, secure within an economic association with the remainder of Canada, seemed dimmer than at any time since he left the Liberal party in 1967 to found his own political movement. The premier was troubled, too, by the state of Quebec's finances, lingering petrodollar scandals and the loss and luxury life of his rampant, ambitious finance minister, Jacques Parson.

For the visibly ailing premier, the message was the message is late—arrived in his office from party leaders and rising associations across the province. The prodigal party's return to Lévesque's doorstep quickly took on the proportions of a personality cult in explaining how the premier could re-



Lévesque, Parson (below): a deeper more personal crisis

gain control of the PQ's membership. Ross, House leader Claude Charbon, grandly declared, "Lévesque is the boss." The PQ caucus met last Wednesday—and after some time-wasting produced nothing less than a liquidity such



members of the Parti de l'Unité du Québec still in prison, be transferred from federal to provincial parole jurisdiction. One such "political prisoner" is Ross's brother, Paul, convicted for Laporte's October, 1976 murder. Just minutes after Ross won his standing ovation from the convention, Lévesque was faced for saying he would resist on support from a majority of voters before proclaiming independence.

Most closely watched among party members last week was Jacques Parson. During the convention, Parson was based for saying he would resist on support from a majority of voters before proclaiming independence. Parson, who has been seen as a microphone reserved for delegates speaking against the notion of economic association. Parson, who has been seen as a microphone reserved for delegates speaking against the notion of economic association.

Parson's subsequent postulations of loyalty were so unconvincing that as Wednesday he was accused by Lévesque as an acknowledgment of "the ambiguity of my earlier positions has entered in public opinion." He then "ac-

signed by all present. On Sunday, the party executive accepted Lévesque's condition for staying on All 275,000 PQ members will be asked in an internal referendum on Feb. 6 and 7 to reaffirm the premier's earlier statement that there be a "complete offer" of economic association with English Canada after sovereignty is attained and that Quebec's "outlandish diversity" be respected. If Lévesque leaves the referendum, he says he will resign as premier and party president.

One national assembly member who did not sign the original declaration of loyalty was the unaccountably absent Guy Beaulieu. It was as a delegate from Beaulieu's Ste-Marie riding that Jacques Ross, the paroled kidnapper of assassinated Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte, won near-unanimous convention support for his plea that former

erupted to support Lévesque's policy—a phrasing that indicates more a consensus to partly unify than a ringing personal endorsement. Parizeau, the only member never to have stood on the two independent while others sought shelter in euphemisms such as sovereignty, self-government or equality—is clearly pursuing for more personal and political clarity.

Parizeau is losing after the leadership in the same determination he often exhibits after midnight when he stalks the piano bar of Quebec City's Chateau Frontenac. The lounge is a no-nonsense bar of two-tiered dividers, in lieu of the dancing and singles who strut and macho on the dance floor. Parizeau's nocturnal reputation was enhanced last month with the publication of the wacky memoirs of former terrorist-potter informer Gerald Le Vail, who revealed—among other things—that Mata Hari was her childhood brother. In 1978, Parizeau was, by Dr. Vail's proud admission, the "first great love" of her life.

Parizeau's lanky-panky with the party could be dismissed as a leaf-flicking war not for the frequency of Lévesque's low-brow relationship with the concept of independence. One explanation for the convention's raucous turn was the province's angry denunciation of English Canada in the days following the constitutional record of Nov. 6. And, to his embarrassment, his own 1973 statement that a simple legislative majority, regardless of the popular vote, would be sufficient to declare independence was retrieved last week and televised. In effect, the premier was the national to say one what had once been his own policy. That contradiction, as much as his physical appearance, indicated that more than party division was behind his temptation to throw up his hands and walk away from it all. ☐



OTTAWA

Leaks in federal money bags

The federal department of fisheries and oceans spent \$22.60 an auditor's research in Atlantic Canada for every dollar's worth of fish actually caught in 1978-79. In 1978, the department of public works paid nearly \$2 million for a building that remains vacant because of bureaucratic red tape. The department of transport has wasted off almost \$7 million in potential revenue by failing, through assorted misadventures, to negotiate a new lease with the operators of the duty-free concession at Toronto International Airport. These were the kinds of major-league scandals that passed for horror stories to Auditor General Kenneth Dye's first annual report, released last week.

The document was a far cry from the days when former auditor general Maxwell Henderson chronicled government profligacy. Among other things, he made the audit's career beneficiaries

with Maclean's, Henderson said he in "discrepancy" by the absence of vivid examples of government waste in Dye's report. "It's only by showing where the money has gone that you really reach the people," he argues. "If the auditor general is going to depart from that, he's just going to become a tame product."

Dye is a 59-year-old accountant and management consultant who abandoned a lucrative Vancouver partnership to accept the 10 year term as auditor general last April. And he insists that he is not the inept sort. But he says it is not his job to provide "interviewing rabbits" to satisfy what he calls the insatiable media appetite for sensation. Dye argues that his task is to tackle the fundamental changes needed to ensure that taxpayers receive full value for their money. In fact, that has been the trend in auditor general reports since 1977, when a new act was passed that provided for comprehensive—or "value-for-money"—auditing.

The new auditor general did reveal the stunning fact that federal public servants' claim out about \$80 million in photocopies of documents a year at a

Dye (left), Henderson an auditor general failed to become a tame puppet?



a national symbol of unbridled federal waste in 1987. By contrast, the revelations in Dye's 322-page volume are scarcely enough to raise the ire of even the most intransigent tax rebel. And that is the way that Kenneth Dye likes it.

Dye was apologetic when reporters questioned him about the lifeline quality of his report. "My job is not to embarrass the government," he declared. "My job is to give Parliament an opinion." That statement worried Henderson. The former federal watchdog later commented that Dye is "quite a good chap—but he's quite authoritarian with the government." In an interview

cost of more than \$5 million. And he even named a critical barb at the \$62.5-billion national debt, which he said "burdens all the people of Canada like a huge, high-interest mortgage." Then, he shifted the public service as a whole for lacking a sense of urgency. Said Dye: "Somebody out there is sitting on their hands." Otherwise, however, is still skeptical that Dye's quiet diplomacy can succeed in tightening departmental controls over spending. "Parliament wants to keep that startling stuff off the front pages," he says. "That's why they have encouraged that approach."

—DICK HODGSON



Laughed (left) and Crawford, Stedinger outside, a flag-draped coffin

ALBERTA

When the few outskated the blue

Wayne Gretsky and the Oilers are Edmonton's number one attraction. Tim Stedinger is a sports fan who is also the sole independent member of the Alberta legislature.

And last week he turned to hockey to explain how the province's weak blue was outskated by the Oilers' red. Peter Lougheed's ragtag Progressive Conservative team, skating in circles, "We're outskated and stick handled there, and scored so many goals they've decided that the only thing to do is to turn out the lights in the arena and go home." For Stedinger, it was a particularly painful lesson. The Calgary economist was booted from the Tory caucus a year ago for disagreeing with Lougheed's constitutional stance.

The irate Tory government did indeed switch off the lights, when Attorney General Neil Crawford revealed claims for the first time in Alberta's 50-year history. Only that drastic move allowed the 73-member government to escape from a legislative session that set records for length, controversy and the number of amendments suffered by the usually unflappable Lougheed administration.

Two months of non-attendance resulted a climax when Crawford slapped a seven-day time limit on the filibuster—dubbed the "defence of the Alamo"—that had stalled the approval of \$400 million worth of Heritage Savings Trust Fund spending. The use of closure led to a marathon overnight debate that dragged on for 14 hours, in mid-

evening, Crawford called a halt to his blue-eyed colleagues could stumble, an hour late, into their weekly cabinet meeting.

It was a rare moment of drama, and the Opposition made the most of it. Outside the legislature, 30 protesters stood vigil in sub zero weather, carrying candles and a flag-draped coffin which they said symbolized the death of free speech in Alberta. Opposition supporters wearing scarves: THE ALAMO T-shirts crowded the public gallery long past midnight. For their part, Stedinger, now leader (and vice M.A.) Grant Naylor and Social Credit members Ray Spence, Walter Ruck and Fred Manderville followed a carefully prepared, 50-step strategy to delay the final vote. The plan was to complement that Opposition action, aware that government M.L.A.s would protest on any procedural matters, sent a stream of notes to the few "defectors" to make sure they spoke at the right time and on the right amendment. The tactic was such a success that there were still 23 steps left to go when the Tories finally threw in the towel.

Not since the 1960s, aggressive Peter Lougheed's heated and harassed the Social Credit dynasty into the political wilderness 10 years ago has there been such opposition in Alberta. They are strange bedfellows. The Socials and Stedinger are out from the same conservative slant as the Tories. But Naylor "stayed inside. But I didn't have as much as the Speaker. Ray Spence is a Social leader."



is a socialist—the only true opposition voice among the 78 M.L.A.s. They do not often agree, but years of frustration and broken promises have bred this S.D.L. at last, to forge their annual union.

The session was transformed when Stedinger received a plain brown envelope containing a confidential warning from Auditor General Doug Bagnall to the government about management problems in the \$18-billion heritage fund. Inadequate investment returns, Rogers cautioned, create "traps for collusion and fraud." Stedinger, who has made his reputation as a foe of trust fund secrecy, was particularly bothered by the auditor's inability to explain fund deals that have lost \$60 million over the past three years.

When Provincial Treasurer Lou Hyndman refused to hand over a complete set of the critical "management letters," Stedinger persuaded Naylor and the Socials to join in the filibuster. The aim to stall trust fund legislation until Hyndman turned over the documentation Hyndman was accused. He still insists that there was no wrongdoing, but the long debate revitalized the Opposition's cause. For six weeks, he questioned cabinet members in minute detail about parks, dams and other projects on which the trust fund money is spent. Crawford and Hyndman at first said they welcomed the thorough debate. Then, they changed their stance when Tory backbenchers grew restless, and strategies including a "reverse filibuster" failed to break the logjam. When Crawford finally revoked closure, 27 of the 26 trust fund expenditures remained to be approved, and the Opposition's first Wayne Gretsky footed how to dream about their next face-off with the big blue team.

—PETER GOSWELL



Troublemaker, Speaker Jeanne Bouvier: 'That's great' — than a bottle of beer

NATIONAL

'Instruments' for the Queen

With a hearty "Oy yo" (let's go), Jean Chrétien skittered down the marble steps of Rideau Hall and, an ocean away, landed in a London dressed in a suit and dined by Sir Bradley Queen Elizabeth and senior British cabinet ministers on the contents of the constitutional resolution was probably the easiest job Chrétien has undertaken for Pierre Trudeau. The Thatcher government pronounced itself satisfied, and relieved, that a consensus had been wrought in Canada.

The formal send-off for Chrétien and the two leather-bound copies of the resolution brought a flicker of life to the official residence of Governor General Ed Schreyer. "That's great," murmured Trudeau as Schreyer ceremoniously agreed to forward the "instruments of advice" to the Queen. The manners of other ministers were less constrained by the formality of the black-tie ceremony. "What are we waiting for?" granted Eugene Winkler as he stood vaulted in the receiving line. "We get a beer at the end of this, I hope."

In a half-hour interview the next day at Buckingham Palace, Chrétien and the Queen spoke mainly in French. The Queen's command of the language, by most accounts, was spotty. British diplomats added anxiously that they did not think Chrétien's Swiss-German French was much better. Sticking in his hayseed routine, Chrétien informed the British press that he would be going to the theatre that night, but not to a repêchage. Instead, he and his wife, Aline, would be seeing Petrus Clark in *The*

Sound of Music, his English not being up to anything more "musical."

The British have agreed to get through the first of the three formal readings of the Canada Act by Christmas. Their final ties with the old colony should be formally cut by mid-February, after which the Queen and Prince Philip will join celebrations in Ottawa. No delay in festivities as a result of Quebec's appeal to veto the constitutional pact. However, petitions from Indian bands that the charter of rights will abridge their rights have found receptive ears in the dusty House of Lords. The Northwest Territories may also try a last-minute lobbying effort to erase the sections that allow existing provinces to extend their boundaries northwest. MIA Bruce McLaughlin was no far as to suggest that the territorial government buy the British to receive the territory back as a colony, arguing it would "be safer in the hands of the British Crown."

Those scattered rain showers could not dampen Chrétien's enthusiasm—both for the constitution and his ambitions to replace Pierre Trudeau someday. The lords, like Canadian senators, have exerted effort on the British legislative process. And the House of Lords, at worst, will provide lukewarm endorsement to the constitution, as the Senate did when it voted in favor, 50 to 30. The real battle ended Nov. 5, with the federal-provincial accord. As MP leader Ed Broadbent sniffed, "What happened in the Senate will be forgotten in 24 hours." □

SASKATCHEWAN

A little soon to burn the mortgage

For Garnet Hendry of Regina, Saskatchewan's announced moratorium on mortgage foreclosures for all of 1983 should have been good news. One of about 40,000 homeowners in the province, Hendry faces a mortgage renewal within the next year. Now, the Home Owners' Protection Act allows him the option of renewing at his existing interest rate of 12 per cent in the hope that, by the time the legislation expires a year from Dec. 31, mortgage rates will have slipped from their present perch near 16 per cent. But Hendry wonders if the NDP government is throwing him a bone or a lifeline. The banks are already hawking with outrage at last week's legislation, and Hendry wonders whether they are likely to take their word out on him.

Hendry is a printshop camera operator, his wife, Jennifer, is a keychain operator, and between them they earn \$42,000 a year. With a little "homebuying and selling," that is enough to support their three children and cover pay-



Hendry (above) Romanow (below left), Robertson (below) on fire chair



ments of \$400 a month on their modest bungalow. Although that figure may jump as much as \$500 when he renews his mortgage next March, Hendry fears he might afford the bank should he meet on his renewal right to renew at his old rate. Says Hendry: "I've got a hunch it could hurt you when you go back to renew your mortgage again."

Certainly the angry bankers interpret the Home Owners' Protection Act as a blanket invitation for anyone with a mortgage not to make any monthly payments at all next year. In effect, the act presents mortgage renewers with three choices: accept a higher interest rate, continue to pay the same interest, or make no payments at all, providing those are made up at year's end.

For his part, Roy Robertson, chairman of the Saskatchewan division of the Canadian Bankers' Association, says if his own bankers were up for renewal, "I wouldn't pay a nickel." Frustrated following a private arm-twisting session with Attorney General Ray Romanow in a last-ditch bid to settle the legislation, Robertson lashed the government's effort to help homeowners to "turn a deadhammer to repair your front chairs."

Under the new act, any financial losses incurred by the artificially low interest rates allowed for in renewal will be suffered by the lending institutions and cannot be applied later to the mortgage. And the lenders' only recourse against homeowners who can afford to make higher payments—but won't—is to take them to court and prove that they can. The bankers say this will clog the courts and make it impossible to deal with those who might take unfair advantage of the legislation.

Agreed at not being couched in advance (although Saskatchewan's 250 credit unions were) and fearing that the Saskatchewan model could be copied in other provinces, Robertson did not rule out a court challenge to the legislation. Then he added that the banks will have to reassess "the ramifications of continuing to provide mortgage loans in the province of Saskatchewan." These were the lighting words Romanow wanted to hear. With a provincial election likely in the spring, the government is searching for just such an issue to take to the people. Romanow said the government is willing to make changes to improve the law, but he bristled at the threat of mortgage money drying up. "For me to negotiate on the bill with that weapon possibility out there is unacceptable," Romanow growled. With the rhetoric heated up, a showdown with the banks seemed imminent. And that was exactly what the government wanted all along.

—DALE EHLER

VANCOUVER

Moons and fire in 'burning sky'



Canadian Fiddler checking out a Soviet Deer: We aren't sure who's flying if

Larry Clark is nervous about his first novel, *Downside of Mirrors*—and it is not just a case of debut jitters. The new book is based on Clark's previous work as an electronic spy for the Canadian Forces Supplementary Radio System in Leach, N.W.T. into his financial misadventure. Clark has woven some startling revelations about the real-life activities of the world's largest electronic intelligence-gathering organization—the U.S. National Security Agency (NSA), a group that monitors almost every telecommunication transmission in the atmosphere. "I'm going away nothing that will harm the national interest," Clark insists mildly, as he prepares for the anticipated attacks. "The Russians knew what we're doing."

Clark's saga is a fast-paced tale, it chronicles "electronic eavesdropping, wonderous coverage and 'burning-sky' reconnaissance flights over the Soviet Union. And it is all told in the scripted fast-paced, gaudy-pastorated thriller form." In the allegations Clark makes are more exciting than his plot. Hacking a path through a forest of acronyms, readers can readily envision themselves that the Canadian Forces code system gathers data from the National Security Council and Washington. It all starts at listening posts such as the one in Leach, where "noise intercept operators" sit in monitoring booths listening to radio frequencies. "We actually monitor Russian radio as it monitors their own aircraft," said Clark in an interview. "And we can make videotapes of anyone. So when a bomber takes off, we not only know it, we know who's flying it. We even monitor control-tower com-

munications. If a child sends a telegram to his mother in a Russian hospital, we have it, and a file is started on him."

Clark says every Soviet code has been systematically broken by NSA cryptanalysts. Novels in this field of more value than in the literary "burning-sky" fights over Soviet aircraft. Named for the speed with which aircraft race back home, the flights of electronic-geeked Hercules aircraft are sent to "test Soviet response time. At times, it is no more than a game, and Soviet and American pilots have been known to "shoot" one another as they



Clark more than 100 killed or captured?

poor. Yet Clark estimates that since the early 1960s more than 100 U.S. pilots have been killed or captured making such sorties. In retaliation, Clark says, the Soviets occasionally launch bombers to test NATO reaction time, flying over a radar "dead spot" in the Arctic where Canada and the United States cannot spot them.

The National Security Agency will not comment on a single word of all that. The Canadian Forces confirm that Clark worked as a "security branch officer" from 1972 to 1974. But a statement from the Canadian military declares: "As far as we're concerned, the book is fiction and should be considered that by anyone reading it." MacDowell and Stewart, the first publisher Clark approached, turned down the novel as "too difficult" even though it had paid Clark a \$5,000 non-returnable advance, and he made the rounds for two years until the small Vancouver firm of Douglas and MacIsaac picked up the project last January and printed 3,000 copies at \$14.95 a crack. But Clark says he really didn't do it for the money. He says that it bothers him that the 80s goes not only on the Soviets but on America's allies—including Canada—as well. And he would like to see all that "high-level gamesmanship" brought under tighter government control "before World War III starts because of an error."

—LARRY FAYSTMAN

NATIONAL

No travelling music for Joe

Joe Clark faced the latest test of his Tory leadership last week and was in a custer—and a Gallup. Despite his best efforts and the party's good fortunes, however, the Conservatives still struggle with opponents and detractors. Clark's detractors have so far preferred a whispering campaign to a frontal assault, but their impact has been dampening nonetheless.

Aware of the corroding effects of internal conflict, Clark still draws comfort from opinion and success. In an interview with *Weekend*, he said "If we can do this well under the pressures we've had this year, and be where we are, we can do immensely better next year."

What fueled up Clark was Gallup's report that the Tories were favored by 45 per cent of deflated voters surveyed last month, against 38 per cent for the Liberals and 18 per cent for the New Democrats (Given the Liberals' oversupply of Quebec votes, those figures would return a Tory majority government in an election.) Only twice have



Mulroney and Clark after discussion: 'a small group of the perpetually unhappy'

the Tories scored better since Clark was the leadership in February, 1976. He gained a 43-per-cent showing in the aftermath of the convention and 45 per cent in November, 1978, when the Liberals were unusually unpopular. Even more heartening for Clark is the fact that while the Liberals wilted around 46 per cent for months, the Conservatives have been steadily rising.

With remarkably good humor, Clark frankly admits that is a year of Tory turmoil—marked by the divisive convention last February—more of their success must be put down to Liberal unpopularity. The Liberals beset the country into a year-long struggle over the constitution just as it was offering a deteriorating economy with record interest rates and witnessing a federal-provincial fight over oil prices. Allan Rock's budget, brought down just after the Gallup was taken, promised another racket. At week's end he was parsing the complaints from a broad sector and hoped to propose changes before the Commons' Christmas recess. In all, said Clark, "they've made my job easier than my party has."

The slurrish that Clark was last week was over an innocuous-sounding issue: the date for the next Conservative convention. The party constitution provides for a general meeting every two years. But for months anti-Clark elements have been pressing for a convention. The object of that strategy would be to backhike Clark at the convention by voting for a leadership contest.

As party president Peter Buxton and his 31-member executive committee gathered in Ottawa, it was clear in advance that Clark had the votes to keep his 1983 convention. The question was whether any of the heavies from across the country would dare challenge the leader openly. The answer was no. Only briefly was an earlier convention mentioned. Then the committee quickly set-

tled on holding the next one in Winnipeg, Aug. 25 to 28. It also agreed, as Clark wished, to stage a smaller policy conference in Toronto next May—attended, Clark says, to give a positive cast to a party which is, necessarily, negative in Oppositor.

Clark's problem is that winning any number of these polemics never quite brings him complete victory. While the current line was during his bidding, parliamentary corridors were buzzing with varied rumors that a heavy majority of his own MPs favored an early convention. Clark, who nominated his regional caucus chairman Wednesday, insists that a majority backs him and that the stir is being caused by "a very small group of the perpetually unhappy—and one or two others who think that they are helping someone who they think might be a leadership candidate."

No such candidate has declared himself (or herself). Indeed, Clark's worst enemy is the anonymous, off-the-record, backbiting attack that denigrates his authority but centers as much on tradition. Hardly a handful of MPs have openly and directly challenged Clark's leadership, but hardly more than that will vigorously defend him in public.

Clark himself professes that reports of party dissidence are greatly overstated. He says Tories know that they have a simple choice: "We can set the agenda of the nation right now with the bad policies of the Liberals, or we can set the agenda with an internal dispute." And why not bring the leadership issue to a head with an early convention to settle it? Because, says Clark, the Unfuckable war, Robert Stanfield's tribulations and his own battles show that the tactic does not work. Sadly, with a faraway gaze, Clark concludes: "You never bring it to a head. That's the trouble with the party. You never bring it to a head." —JOHN HAY

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Poland's Hour of Agony

By Sue Maatman and Peter Lewis

The rumors had been circulating in Warsaw for almost a week: After 14 months of vacillating in the face of demands for reform, Poland's Communist leadership had had enough. Finally, the time had come for ruthless drastic action against the country's young, democratic Solidarity trade union. And this time there was no accident. Just after midnight Sunday, the authorities struck with the fury of a water-gate.

As telephone and telex links at Solidarity's Mokotowska street headquarters in Warsaw suddenly went dead, thousands of riot police circled the building and sealed it off. Witnesses spoke of people being hauled through the early dawn hours into windowless police vans. Then, in an early-morning news broadcast, Prime Minister Wojciech Jaruzelski declared a state of emergency—technically a state of war. The government, he said, had lost patience with Solidarity. Within hours, union leaders, former Communist officials—including on-party leader Edward Gierek—and dissidents were swiftly rounded up in the winter dawn. Poland, declared Jaruzelski, will be governed by a military Council of National Salvation until the crisis is over.

The severe, calculated swiftness of the government's crackdown caught the world by surprise. The first indication that anything was wrong came in telephone calls from Solidarity members in Warsaw to western news agencies revealing a total communication cutoff. Reporters who went to investigate were abruptly turned away by riot police. Asked to explain what was afoot they said, stately, "Solidarnosc" (Solidarity). Eyewitnesses said that at least one key Solidarity activist in the capital, Krzysztof Skibinski, was arrested as he home. But it was impossible to learn immediately the fate of union leader Lech Walesa and his 307-man executive, who were meeting in the Lenin shipyard at Gdansk for a strategy session.

As the snow began falling early Sunday, police swarmed into Solidarity's Warsaw headquarters and all its regional offices to carry off racks of documents. When Jaruzelski went on the air at 6 a.m. to give the official version of events, troops armed with automatic rifles took up positions in the center of the capital. As official decrees, issued after his broadcast, promptly banned all assemblies, demonstrations, and entertainment—except those events which are officially sanctioned. Religious services were allowed to continue. But orders were issued that identity documents must be carried in pub-

lic places and travel in border areas was restricted. To prevent the spread of information or anti-government literature, the use of duplicating equipment was banned.

The international outcry over the repressive action was swift and damaging. As Western governments expressed their dismay, a crisis centre was set up in Washington to monitor the situation and leaflets were distributed in Warsaw in defiance of the regulations. Signed by Solidarity leaders, the Union strike plant—used in the past as an emergency union base—they called for an immediate shutdown of Poland's entire industrial machine. "This attack on the union is aimed at liquidating it," the message said. "Our response must be an immediate general strike."

Jaruzelski's message to the nation was emotional. He pleaded that no blood be shed. Anti-state offences committed before the declaration of emergency will be forgotten and forgotten—"we do not intend to pursue a policy of revenge," Jaruzelski claimed that he had acted with a heavy heart, and only after all attempts to solve Poland's crisis had failed.

As Poland writhes under military rule, the Polish people are desperately trading their clothing for food

had failed. "Our country is on the edge of the abyss. The state structure is no longer functional," he declared. In a way, at least, he was not far from the truth. Last week, in the deadly wake of a violent December blizzard that briefly paralyzed communications and drove hungry Poles from their freezing shacks in the cold marshes of their ill-starred farms, it had seemed inevitable that the bitterness of the desperate, debilitating power struggle between the state and Solidarity would shortly come to an end.

Just two weeks before Christmas, the first list of materials now mainly missing from the daily diets of Poland's 38 million people read: meat and poultry, animal and vegetable fats, milk, cheese, potatoes, vegetables and fruit, cleaning and toilet articles, clothing, footwear and other protective gear needed in the face of a severe winter.

Confronted, the situation was much more desolate. The black market rate for the American dollar was 15 times the official rate, devaluing an average annual monthly wage of 6,000 zlotys to \$12. Offices were closed only at 16 C (the limit was set at 16 C, but as no one turned up for work). The government's

in places and travel in border areas was restricted. To prevent the spread of information or anti-government literature, the use of duplicating equipment was banned.

It was against this background of despair that Jaruzelski's Solidarity's millions, led by Walesa, had continued their strenuous argument over who was to rule Poland. The boundaries of the debate were set by the nationwide publication last Monday of remarks made by Walesa at a closed meeting of 500 Solidarity delegates in Radom three days earlier. The theatre where they met had been bagged. The union leader was heard to say he had never trusted the Communist leadership since it appropriated a workers' revolt in 1970. "Let us not allow all this to happen," he went on. "Constitution is irrevocable and constitution will take place."

Walesa's remarks had enraged the government's already expressed intention to introduce a series of emergency laws outlawing strikes and, in effect, imposing martial law. In response, the government had to counterattack with a series of nationwide stoppages. And, among the approaching clash, Archbishop Jozef Glemp, the Polish primate, appealed immediately to Walesa and Jaruzelski to resume the dialogue on power sharing they had begun in November. He also asked men loyal to the Regim (government) not to enact laws that would "disrupt the domestic peace and unleash a horrendous social conflict."

But the regimes were not long in coming and there were more concerning strikes, and Walesa at a press conference, were the union's only means of protest. "We cannot repeat any more. We can be passive no longer." For his part, Regim speaker Piotr Bielecki revealed that the emergency legislation would be presented to parliament, the legislature's highest body, at the end of the month.

At week's end the exchanges had become, if anything, more acrimonious. From the Lenin shipyard, about the only place it could be sure the government was not monitoring, Solidarity warned that the laws would be introduced at the government's "penal" Trybuna Loda, the party daily, described the warning as a "whiff of terror."

Meanwhile, the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia, the last two, were including Poland's Roman Catholic Church in their propaganda broadcasts. There were also growing reports of harassment of the church in the two countries. In Czechoslovakia, a number of priests were said to have been arrested in raids on residences where the authorities claimed, illegal printing presses were being operated and escaping Poles being harbored.

The scene had been set for Sunday's dramatic event. It only remained for Jaruzelski—"Radom and Gdansk as shown in real fact." The government's

Police search an military police move

March 1981



Warsaw residents line up for food (above), and (below) empty store shelves; resistance in the midst of devastation



A destitute family, as despair spreads, the leaders remain locked in a desperate, debilitating power struggle



The agency of pre-Christian Poland is, however, only one more ordeal in the nation's centuries of struggle. Indeed, the first record of the existence of a Polish state, in 965 AD, was made by German monks seeing a young Christianized German army that was swooping east. The Poles resisted that missionary threat, sequestering their Christian baptism directly from them instead. Ever since, the Polish Catholic Church has played a key role in defining autonomy in the face of invasion by Mongol hordes from the steppes of Asia, and Russian, German and Swedish warriors anxious to create a prize which was as much intellectual as physical. The first 500 years of the Polish state saw the founding of some of Europe's first universities and the Royal Republic—a democratically elected monarchy. But true freedom

was never a given in Poland. In fact, in this century it was only from 1909 until 1939 that the country enjoyed real independence. But then came the Nazi occupation in which six million Poles were exterminated in the Holocaust, three million of them Jews. Polish patriots resisted by joining the ranks of the Allies, or by going underground. Still the Warsaw ghetto uprising of 1943 and the Warsaw uprising of 1944 were hopeless, if unforgotten, gestures. Adam Friedman, now a political science professor at Hamilton's McMaster University, recalls: "In my battalion we had 30 people, one machine gun and seven pistols. We fought for 63 days." The final drive, meanwhile, followed a historic strategy. It let the Poles exhaust themselves against superior Nazi forces before rushing into the city's smoldering ruins.

Despite death and cynical reminders of that betrayal, Poles admit that Soviet domination of their country has been characterized by a lighter touch than elsewhere in the East Bloc—in recognition, perhaps, of their ever-wildfire spirit of defiance. After the Polish army crushed the Hungarian communist engineers' strike of 1956, killing 300 workers, important concessions were granted to the Polish church, and 80 per cent of Polish agriculture was de-collectivized.

In two later uprisings, the ruling Polish Union Workers' Party (PZPR) had the good fortune again to find the opposition divided. Polish workers ignored the 1968 student riots, while urban intellectuals and students failed to support the dockers of Gdansk, Gdynia and Szczecin in their 1970 protests against food shortages and proposed food price hikes. At least 45 workers were killed and 190 were injured. But the lesson was learned: Further food price hikes in 1976 brought intellectuals, workers and

the church into a common front. Strikes and train-truck blockades were backed by a newly established Workers' Defense Committee (KOR), founded by student veterans of 1968.

That was the prelude for the dramatic events at Gdansk that launched Poland on its current shuddering march toward freedom—and the near chaos of this freezing Christmas season. For all its inadequacies, Solidarity has been greeted by most Poles as a positive force—the embodiment of their hopes for a break with a past that was stiflingly at best, and more often intolerable.

Until Sunday, the movement had defied government predictions of its imminent demise. Unlike the hapless Hungarian and Czech revolts, fomented from the top, the Polish revolt welled up from a tightly working class movement of

unfurling a campaign to free political prisoners. The crusade struck many people as questionable since the first protesters were arrested, wanted by five members of the right-wing Confederation for an Independent Poland (KON) charged with "anti-state" activity—were light years removed, ideologically, from the fledgling union.

Almost instantly, Solidarity saw its own future threatened. A police sweep on its Warsaw headquarters caught two editors, Jan Narocinski and Piotr Sapieha—the latter a prosecutor in the public prosecutor's office—in the act of debasing secret government instructions on how to deal with anti-state agitation. The union quickly threatened nationwide strikes and the authorities caved in. Says Gdansk commentator Andrzej Gos-



Wojcik: confrontation is increasingly inevitable

kowski: "It was Solidarity's refusal to defend human rights as well as to plead bread-and-butter causes that first drove it into politics, though you could argue that its very existence in a communist system amounted all along to a political statement." He adds: "But after November the mask was off when Solidarity came to struggle over democracy, worker management and the economy, all Poland understood it was talking politics."

The union soon had another violation of human rights to oppose. In March, the greasy-fumed subject charged into a meeting between city authorities and Solidarity representatives in the northern city of Bydgoszcz. The group's men were beaten up and a number were hospitalized with severe injuries. Solidarity called 8.5 million members out for a four-hour "national strike."

The first national wildcat in a communist land—to demand a government investigation. When a government aide, Maciejewski Babowski, expressed astonishment at such a reaction over a "mere student" incident, Solidarity officials said his words clanged: "It's so you can't do this to us any more." The inquiry was held.

That incident touched on a moral issue which struck profound chords in a country that had lived in dread of its police for over three decades. But if human and moral considerations were the prime motivators, it was a political failure that set the seal on the union's reorientation. There had been high hopes that the Communist party would shake itself out of its stupor and even the threat of a "national referendum" and congress in Warsaw in July. But while the congress seemed to concede some necessity for change in its own procedures—delegates were allowed to elect

those ruling in its name. But the experiment would not have lived long enough to become street-level if it had not displayed astonishing restraint. In their actions, Walentyn and his colleagues have debauched the myth of the Pole as a madcap romantic with a posthumous medal mentality.

Solidarity's 15-month metamorphosis from an umbrella's federation of trade union associations—it has never been a single organization—to a political movement capable of imposing change upon an unwilling Communist leadership was a complex process. There was never a single factor or event that brought about the change. Yet most Polish analysts believe there was a turning point, in November a year ago. Only days after Solidarity had won its charter as an independent union officially registered, the union suddenly

their leaders by democratic means for the first time—it failed to produce one popular reform.

The leadership's inability to adapt to a glasnost system destroyed its last chance of regaining favor," says a Canadian diplomat on post in Warsaw since before the 1980 rebellion. "After that, the game went to Solidarity by default." Party reformer Wojciech Jaruzelski is gone. Further after July, he says, the leadership ceased to govern. "No wonder the union stopped with a plan to sue the economy and called for free elections at its national congress in September. It had the power to reach for any prize."

But perhaps, but not necessarily to obtain. It had been taken for granted that Solidarity, for all its power, could not aspire to reign, while the party would not abdicate. The party's formal right to govern was guaranteed by the January "a pre-emptive-of-the-party" clause in last year's Gdansk agreement and underwritten by the might of the Soviet Union.

Ludwik Krusinski, deputy editor of the ideological magazine *Nowy Dziś* (New World) were pointed out: "Take it or not, Solidarity is condemned to co-existence with the party." But as he said, the obligation to compromise presents the union with an enormous dilemma: "If it becomes part of the establishment, it risks losing its audience." Krusinski belongs to the middle-of-the-road faction in a party that has been split three ways: conservatives like himself; hard-liners who would have gladly burned up dissent; and what Krusinski called an "adventurous wing," which saw worker grievances as essentially justified.

At times the line between moderates—men whose ranks spanning Stanislaw Kania and Wojciech Jaruzelski, the two party chiefs to rule since August, 1980—and the ultra-right has been a blurry one. Sent to edit the ideological magazine in 1981, Jaruzelski, forced to promote the union just to get the country back to work, the party was unable to decide to fight or surrender when Solidarity turned up to collect on the 1983. In the event, it did both. As it yielded its authority to moderates, it looked like nothing as much as an earnest desire being forced to pay up.

Hard-liners who attempted to turn the rest into an orderly retreat, by encouraging party chief Kania and his dispirited followers to hand Solidarity over, were given a strong head by the Krenies. But the party was not divided to agree upon a common strategy toward the union or the mountains of problems

giving rise as a result of the rebellion. Nor, it soon discovered, did it even have the resources after 34 years in power to clean up its own act. As one corrupt or inept official stepped in his first, usually at Solidarity's insistence, others were promoted to ineffectual posts. As one hated hard-liner left the Politburo, another snatched back through the side door, summoned by the hard-line leader, Stefan Oleszkiewicz, to stiffen his hand in party fighting.

Such tactics failed, however, to advance Oleszkiewicz's cause. Kania twice outmaneuvered attempts to oust him—by the hard-liners during the Gdansk affair and, last June, when Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev sought his removal. When Kania did finally resign in October, it was Jaruzelski, not Oleszkiewicz, who got the

calculated, shrewdly. The revolution, and the economic misery and political drift associated with it, have led to a swift erosion of values. The work force, never used for its discipline, has taken to celebrating its new freedom by striking at the slightest provocation. The quest for dollars, to pay for stolen currency, to fix cars or view largely unknown until now—male prostitution and narcotics—a pursuit relentlessly.

The leaders who regularly work Warsaw's international hotels now find themselves trying for business with an arm of determined amateurs. Vocational classes in the sewing, and people left double-buried in back alleys to organize the freshers' trade. The incidence of other crimes has soared as well, as the drop of society comes to the surface, emboldened by what seems to be police indifference and encouraged by the gangs to be made from a discredited system.

Criminals, however, operating at the fringes. What may have been central to Solidarity's future was the constant drum on the energy of its leaders imposed by the need to keep an underdog, fringe membership together in the face of stiff official resistance. The permanent borderlines malcontents that slowed the rate of learning in case 12 year olds no doubt also took on toll on their elders. The psychological toll dealt by the collapse of last month's talks about forming a national front must also have been great.

Many Poles, terrified by the specter of revolution, were hoping for just such an outcome. Along with that fear last week there was a crippling sense of disillusionment. "People," said Krystyna Kapowicz, a steelworker and informant, Party executive member, "has longer believe in anything or anybody—and that includes Lech Walesa, Archbishop Glemp and General Jaruzelski."

The Polish leader may therefore have calculated correctly in deciding to send in the troops and militia. Certainly there was no reprisal from Moscow, which contented itself with reporting, briefly, the early events. But it is just as clear that even without their leaders, the 10 million members of Solidarity are capable of mounting formidable opposition in the streets and at work. It was because of that specter, perhaps, that Pope John Paul II issued an open-house call to his countrymen to avoid bloodshed. But there is no guarantee that they will now stand by meekly and watch the forced demagoguery of their 15-month revolutionary dream.

Wrote also from Vol. 100 and David Melen Byrne.

WORLD

Threats taken in deadly earnest

By Michael Posner

Whatever the rest of the world may think, President Ronald Reagan now seems convinced that Libya's Moammar Khadafi is determined to murder him. And last week, there were indeed reports, detailed reports that Libyan assassination squads have been dispatched to kill the president, his close advisers and members of his cabinet. Then Khadafi himself appeared on U.S. television to brand Reagan as a fool, a liar and a coward. The reports of his squads meeting the United States, and the Libya, were simply a Washington fabrication. Stung by the bald shot on his good name, Reagan shot back: "I wouldn't believe a word he says. We have the evidence and he knows it."

But while the column and the president were exchanging threatening charges, a far more sober appraisal of U.S.-Libyan affairs was being conducted in Washington. The National Security Council met three times last week to discuss possible retaliation, including an embargo on oil imports from Libya. By week's end, the administration asked 1,500 Americans now living in Libya to leave immediately and expelled U.S. citizens from traveling to the North African nation. However, a senior official told reporters that other options—political, economic and diplomatic—are still under review.



Khadafi slams phone calls may have been overheard

Reaction to the announcement, Clarence Pell, ranking Democrat on the Senate foreign relations committee, seemed to express the prevailing analysis: "One shot has been dropped," Pell said, "and that was a pretty light shot—a target pistol. We're all waiting to see what the other shot is. Will it be another target pistol, a regular shot, or will it be a boot?" Boot or slapper, retaliation—in the Sixth Fleet if necessary—of Americans and their assets from Libya is seen as a necessary precursor to any further action.

Acting Secretary of State William Clark—Alexander Haig was attending the summit—said possible retaliation including an oil embargo.

A NATO meeting in Brussels—justified the administration's step by citing increasing hazards to which U.S. citizens in Libya are being exposed. "Under the circumstances," Clark said, "there is an imminent danger to the physical safety of American traveling in or present in Libya." Yet while American of companies operating in Libya promptly began withdrawing staff and dependents, U.S. expatriates departed White House claims about the risks they were facing. Khadafi himself dismissed them outright.

Indeed, problems of credibility run like a red thread through the body of this entire affair. Lacking hard evidence, a large bloc of domestic and foreign opinion is frankly skeptical of the administration's claims. Unpredictable though he is, Khadafi is seen to have more to lose than to gain by staging an attack on the president or his men.

Little is publicly known about the origins of the libel story. It is believed U.S. intelligence agents routinely intercept Khadafi's telephone conversations and, since we in age, overheard discussions about assassinating American ambassadors abroad. Soon afterward, the charge of affairs at the U.S. embassy in Paris narrowly escaped an assassin's bullets. And Moscow Bank, U.S. ambassador to Italy, was summoned home when a plot against his life was foiled. More recently, rumors an

A worker prays, standing on the right to strike

party leader's post.

The Soviet Union, for all its bluffing and puffing at various stages in the crisis, has proved to be remarkably flexible in the face of the new defection of its largest satellite nation. Moscow has never publicly threatened to isolate the Brezhnev doctrine, under which East Bloc countries claim the right to intervene when socialist rule in a sister nation is threatened. Perhaps, with tanks and troops massed in and around Poland, it did not feel the need to do so. Or perhaps Brezhnev and his aging Kremlin advisers reached the conclusion that the only hope of preventing their regime from exploding in their faces lay in allowing their subjects leeway to experiment. Still another possibility is that Moscow, like the crabs, calculated that time, and General Winter, would do the job for it. If so, they may have





A wounded Palestinian youth attended by his mother, rising indignation

protest against Israeli occupation as a whole. Then, a 17-year-old Arab student was shot dead by an army patrol.

The rage that followed the shooting was swift and savage. Shuweis claims that the nearly half a million people living in towns, villages and refugee camps in the strip have not been so united in their outrage since the 1967 war. The last question was merely the first provocation. "This is the beginning of civil disobedience," he predicts.

"People are speaking up for their rights. The feeling is one of indignation against the continuation of the occupation, despite the hypocrisy of various world powers," supporting human rights and the right of self-determination.

Against the threat of arrest, says Shuweis, their action may look unwise. "But we feel confident that a Palestinian state is going to be created sooner or later. It will better serve the cause of peace."

Shuweis: "The beginning of civil disobedience"

United with the wider standing of Israel.

Urmak, in the dusty, ill-paved streets, Israeli infantrymen, teen boys barely out of their teens, patrolled in pairs of five, their M-16 assault rifles at the ready. Sappers used the shutters of shops whose owners have closed orders to open. Helicopters whirled overhead. The town of Rafiah, where the teenager was shot, is under siege.

In the Israeli courthouse dozens of shopkeepers have been fined \$750 each for refusing to reopen. Civilian rule, says a defense lawyer, Peter Abu-Radda, is a sham. "This is a military occupation. The military courts will continue to operate, our freedom of assembly and speech will still be restricted. To play with words will not solve the problem." "I could only wonder whether anything will."

UNITED NATIONS

A dark horse wins the race

After seven weeks of writing for a decision, diplomats at the United Nations might have been expected to break a collective sigh of relief. But when the Security Council broke its marathon deadlock last Friday by electing a relatively unknown Peruvian Javier Perez de Cuellar, as the next secretary-general, there were few celebratory toasts. As one African delegate explained, "Perez was everyone's last choice."

In fact, the main question being asked—only partly in jest—in U.N. corridors was what the new head looked like. Although Perez, 61, had served most recently as outgoing Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim's assistant representative on the Afghanistan issue, he had kept a remarkably low profile. The consensus was, however, that Perez's quiet style had secured him the victory in last week's vote of the seven candidates still in the running, but he was the only one to escape a veto by one of the Security Council's five permanent members.

There were also unmistakable signs of bitterness in the post-election assessments. Perez had only emerged as a compromise choice after 16 rounds of voting. The Western states, as well as the Soviet Union, had lobbied strongly for the election of outgoing Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim to an unprecedented third term. But China, proclaiming solidarity with the Third World states, enthusiastically vetoed his selection until, finally, the 69-year-old Austrian withdrew from the running (with the proviso that he could be drafted if the stalemate proved unresolvable). For their part, the developing and non-aligned nations threw their backing behind Tanzanian Foreign Minister Salim Ahmed Salim. However, the United

States, mirroring Salim's socialist politics with surprise, had repeatedly vetoed his veto. Eventually, Salim, too, bowed out.

A popular view among Third World delegates was that Waldheim's candidacy had been a bargaining play by the developed states. The intention, it was alleged, was to satisfy Salim's bid, thereby clearing the way for a compromise choice such as Perez, who would be less likely to threaten the interests of the developing world in upcoming debates. "They certainly couldn't afford a strong Third World candidate like Salim," opined one Latin American delegate.

The mood was not all demure, however. Many observers pointed out that Perez's predecessors in the office had all entered it with a similar expectation for quiet efficiency. Still, it remained unclear Perez will eventually achieve a better record than Waldheim—who is leaving the post on Jan. 1 to return to Peru. Some of the critics that Waldheim tackled energetically but without success—such as the Iranian seizure of U.S. hostages—have passed from the scene. But others, such as Afghanistan, Namibia and Third World demands for a new international economic order remain very much on the ball. One thing was certain, however: Perez, who has been described by one diplomatic wag as "bombed," who could fall off a boat without making waves, will have ample opportunity to prove his detractors wrong.

—JAMES FLEMING

With Jim from Narky McGee in New York.



Perez: he was everyone's last choice

U.S.A.

Darwin vs. the creationists

By William Lowther

For one Will Baptist Deacon Jim De-For rose at 5 a.m. every morning last week to drive 160 km to Little Rock Ark., to catch the opening of the day's court proceedings. Outside the chamber he appeared to anyone who would listen. "If we don't stand up for creation against evolution we soon will not have any opportunity to worship. It will be like Russia. Ail paganism."

De-For's assertion—and his prejudice—was a fair barometer of feelings across the United States last week about the nation's latest court clash: the teaching of religion in the country's

schools as the "scientific" evidence that the earth and all living things came into existence as an act of creation in the space of a week about 6,000 years ago. Creationists assign the act of creation to God. But because American law clearly prohibits the use of religious writings in public schools, they are arguing that the concept of a creator is not inherently religious. An ideal has been passed in Louisiana, and others are being considered in 18 more states.

To a large extent, the future of the creationist movement rests on the Louisiana decision. If the law is allowed to go into effect next September, it will

Last week, as the evolutionist arguments were deployed, more than 300 reporters, 50-strong teams of "experts" for each side, dozens of lawyers and hundreds of spectators jammed the courthouse. They heard a guestlist and number of the National Academy of Sciences, Dr. Francisco Ayala, dismiss creation science as unscientific. "It does not provide any explanation by referring to natural law. It invokes miracles," he said. Recent scientific evidence proved the evolutionist's case that more closely related species have fewer chemical differences than species that diverged much earlier in the evolutionary line.



Ark being interviewed: Little Rock courthouse, a choice between religion and 'paganism'



schools. Not 2025 in Dayton, Ohio, just there been so much controversy over the conflict between Darwinian theory and biblical narrative. That that assassin, John F. Senger, a high school biology teacher, was convicted by a county jury of violating a law banning the teaching of evolution in state schools. His conviction and a \$200 fine were later overturned by the state Supreme Court.

Last week, the rules were reversed. In action due to end soon, the Arkansas Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) was seeking the amendment of a new law written by fundamentalist Christians. Passed by the Arkansas legislature in March, it demands that whenever evolution is taught in public schools, so-called "creation science" must also be taught. The law defines "creation sci-

ence" as the "scientific" evidence that the earth and all living things came into existence as an act of creation in the space of a week about 6,000 years ago. Creationists assign the act of creation to God. But because American law clearly prohibits the use of religious writings in public schools, they are arguing that the concept of a creator is not inherently religious. An ideal has been passed in Louisiana, and others are being considered in 18 more states.

In either case, the debate may soon cross the border to Canada. Said Dr. Michael Ruse, a philosopher from Guelph University who gave evidence in Little Rock last week. "From what I understood, in parts of Alberta they teach not just but so-called creation science. Even in Ontario, parents who don't like the theory of evolution can withdraw their kids from school. Professional scientists and educators in Canada are warning to see how things are in the United States. But we're beginning to get up. We're realizing that it's time we cleaned up our own house."

Other witnesses called by the ACLU stressed the religious basis for creationism. Francis Bruce Vander, professor of religion studies at DePaul University in Chicago, said the new law's definition of creation science "has, as its unmentioned reference book, the first 11 chapters of the Book of Genesis."

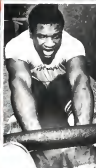
Arkansas state Senator James Holaday, who introduced the creationist law, candidly acknowledged that he had done so because of his religious beliefs. But this week the creationists have their day on the stand. And, the Deacon De-For, they are not about to give up as what they regard as a choice between religion and "paganism." The court's decision on the issue is one that many Americans believe could lead to a fundamental shift in the traditional centers of education.

Requiem for an overweight

I had all the sinister trappings of the "sweet science"—kicks of graft, world-style boxing, and a touch of philosopher Nakawansell. All had required yet another comeback. But the trappings were tired and tattered. The verdict was unanimous: Last Friday night in Nas-

au, it was truly left to Trevor Berbick, the Canadian and British Commonwealth champion, to write the final chapter of a boxing legend.

All three-time heavyweight champion of the world, had been granted what was hoped to be his "Last Rites" in October, 1980. He was knifed but



Berbick in training. "Yes he hurt me!"

not humbled after a 10-round thrashing at the hands of champion Larry Holmes. "I shall return," Ali said then. And last week, before the fight, he declared: "I am the Supreme One. I am the Master. I have returned." But between post-fight hugs from actor John Travolta and visits to semi-conscious Ali, the first evidence that he failed with his acquired a hurt of waders.

Nor could Ali beat Berbick. For 10 rounds Berbick chased and too often caught Ali. The famous jab that had awed millions of people around the world in the "Thrilla in Manila" and the "Rumble in the Jungle" flunked in the "Drama in Bahrain." The right hand felt weak, occasionally, in combination. But the sting was gone. The early promise to "dance and move" was reduced to a flat-footed retreat. Yet Ali's performance was still a lot above that of 14 months earlier against Holmes.

For the man who had pulled boxing out of the mire it knifed him has favored, the demagogue achieved a full circle. Berbick's entrance into the ring was not confirmed until five hours before the fight, when representatives of Berbick, a U.S. exile, produced a letter of credit from Bank of America. Earlier in the week, promoter Don King was beaten in his hotel room in Freeport and elected to flee the Bahamas under a death threat. King had come to the island to discuss a contract with Berbick. And on fight night, as he was on the undercard himself, that they had not been paid, Ali's cramer, Angelo



Ali (below), Berbick: the winner

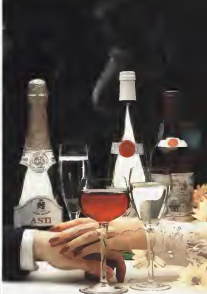
Dundas, was desperately calling a sporting goods store in Miami. Among other more details that had been overlooked—a ball to end rounds, a timing clock, water bottles—there were no available boxing gloves in Nassau. They arrived a half hour after the first fight was to have begun.

And in victory, Berbick, too, was a little sad. "I am only glad that it was me and not someone else," he said after the fight. "Someone else might have hurt him. He is very sickly. He would come out slowly and get my sympathy. I would hold back and then he would try to take me out." Ali did show flashes in the sixth and seventh rounds. And Berbick admitted, with a candid rare to the game: "You know me. I feared his speed and timing."

But that fear quickly evaporated. "In the first round he said to me, 'I'm faster than you are, it's impossible for you to be faster than me.' We exchanged punches and I said, 'Look, I'm faster.' I found guys in my camp that were doing the same things as Ali and they were faster."

Once again age and self-defense were Ali's chief advantages. It had been a varied 18 years since a wide-eyed Cassius Clay won his first title, by beating Sonny Liston. Last week, heal bowed, Ali, quietly said, "If after a year of training that's the best I can do, then that's it." Dundas offered that he disagreed with the unanimous decision, but he had no second. There was a unanimous hope that, finally, that was it.

—RAL QUINN



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Steven will not talk about any dirty tricks that aren't in the context of fiction. Nevertheless, Starnes, 55, may have drawn from real life when he wrote his espionage thriller, *Deep Sleepers*, between bouts of acting before the McDonald cameras. That atmosphere notwithstanding, Starnes says, "At least I managed to get some info into this." Joe and Starnes's name will help to sell the novel, but the former ambassador to Germany and Egypt maintains that he will never produce the book the public may want most: "I've seen too much sensitive information to ever write my memoirs or any such pretentious thing."

Gary-master David Cronenberg hit his bloody stride last year with the box office smash *Screamers* thanks to the ghasts who relished the baskets full of stage blood. But the beynish-looking Canadian director is outdoing himself with *Videodrome*, his latest horror extravaganza now shooting in Toronto. To

Taylor (left) Henry as he made the box office gold, well off Virginia campaign trail



Elizabeth Taylor Hilton Widening Years: Fisher Horton. Before Warner's four-year marriage to Virginia Senator John Warner may be over. The New York Daily News reported last week "Elizabeth says it will have to be John who takes the first step... she has taken the rap for her other divorce." — The Washington Post guessed "Liz Taylor is moon-busting in Las Vegas. Wednesday she popped at the pad once owned by Nancy Sinatra. It's on the market for about \$2.6 million." A Warner spokesman refused to comment on the rumored split, but a Taylor spokesman confirms that Liz has bought the Sinatra house and adds that the actress is leaving her own publicity company with plans to perform for 30 weeks a year as soon as her London run of the play *Little Women* is finished in June, 1982. Lee seen conspicuous so far from Warner that when the Republican was sworn in early last year, one Democratic sage commented "Looks like Virginia just elected the three biggest boobs in the country." It is obvious that the prettiest two-thirds of the town aren't playing the role of senator's wife anymore.

It is not easy for John Starnes to play his first novel when certain matters cannot be spoken of without being in contempt of court. With *12 Minutes* will be tried in Montreal on charges of voyeurism, the now writer and former director general of the RCMP Security

segment his usual dirty tricks. Cronenberg has included that other rare box office draw, kinky sex. The film's star, Deborah Harry of the rockgroup *Blondie*, is handcuffed to a pillar, whipped by a hooded giant and slashed around in water while most of her clothes are ripped off. "I never have the girl play," says she. "I especially love the fact that there is nothing like *Blondie* I want to establish myself as an actress, not a singer." The early reviews of Harry's masochistic performance are favorable. "She is a natural," says critic James Woods.

NASA's Col. Joe Engle and Capt. Slick Truitt worked for more than 15 years to get into outer space. As pilots, they flew the combined equivalent of two solid years of suborbital tests before the launch of the shuttle *Columbia* last month. The trip was worth the effort. During 38 orbits of the globe, Engle was asked with a profound sense of humility, "We were looking down on a whole planet," he marvels. The sea was brighter, the sky was bluer, the stars were more brilliant in the nocturnal atmosphere. There were no sounds of aerol, just the high-pitched whirr of air pumps—and the joy of eating a floating dinner upside down. "It was just so peaceful and tranquil," sighs Truitt. There was much more confusion in Ottawa last week as the Yankee high flyers began a three-day visit to Canada, hosted by the National Research Council, which designed the orbiter's mechanical arm with Spar Aerospace Ltd. Pierre Trudeau toasted the duo for their bravery and "perhaps, a bit of foolishness." Truitt conceded: "Adults are foolish to act like kids, to have so much fun."

—EDITED BY BARBARA ROBERTS



Columbia's Engle (left) and Truitt with Trudeau admiring a model of the orbiter

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The crunch that stole Christmas

By Thomas Hopkins

Shoppers throwing their way through the end-of-year underdog coupons of Vancouver's Pacific Centre Mall or Montreal's Place Ville Marie may find the idea of a festive Christmas resulting from a season unlikely that busy night spots, high interest rates and tumbling consumer confidence have conspired to make this December's buying festival at best mediocre and at worst a Christmas turkey for retailers across Canada.

Last week, merchandisers who count on generating about 25 per cent of annual sales and up to 80 per cent of total profits in the festive last quarter of the year could only adopt a cheerful stance toward what has so far been a disappointment. They cited the delayed appearance of winter and the increasing lateness of the gift-buying season as helpful factors for a last-minute boost. "It's been about what we had hoped," claims Robert Knox, vice president of public affairs for Impresario-Sears Limited, Canada's largest single retailer, with 30 department stores. "We've had to exceptionally retailing, that means price-slashing—delighted customers with an unprecedented number of pre-Christmas sales during the past six weeks. Daily newspapers across the country have been laden with 'inventory reduction' bargains, particularly on stereo equipment, women's clothing and jewelry."

Not surprisingly "Retail spending fell off a cliff in August, and it's continued into December," says retail analyst George Hartman of the Toronto-based investment house Brown, Bold, Wise and Nisker. "I wrote off the Christmas merchandise season a month ago." For sales, all of 1981 has been sluggish. Nine-month earnings figures for the Hudson's Bay Company of Canada, Canada's largest department group (The Bay, Saks Fifth Avenue and Zeller's, for example, combined to total \$26.3 million, compared with \$44.9 million in 1980).



Shoppers give the big annual buyers that much about how we've got to take it easy this Christmas and I say... I don't understand it.

The main reason is we had to spend more on the sales. A soft economy produced a four-per-cent drop in the third-quarter gross national product. While Canadian retailing has ridden out bad times before, the more worry this year is the consumer's navigated personal balance sheet. With stock market and house values falling, especially in the case of home equity, retailers fear consumers will be trading Christmas sales with savings and not with gifts. Says Tom Douglas, analyst with Vancouver's Odium, Brown & T. & B. Road: "Everything people own has been falling in value. Retail strength in the past has been attributable to the fact that most people rely on credit. Now they don't."

That fact, plus the vacuum effect of higher mortgage rates and fuel costs reducing disposable income, has led to what the Conference Board of Canada has called a 20-year low in consumer confidence. Says Donald Glick, marketing vice-president of the W. H. Smith bookelling chain: "The consumer public is a scared out of its wits."

Still, retailers are optimistic by nature. And they are proving for a strong last-quarter surge, a Christmas week that has been answered in previous years. "All hell broke loose in the final two weeks last year," says Jack Rapp, chairman and chief executive of Toronto-based Consumers Distributing Co. Ltd. George Eaton, deputy chairman of Eaton Co. Ltd., says he hopes the fact that "big-ticket items (appliances and cars) are not being bought will free up disposable income for smaller in-home items."

And he confidently predicts that this will be Eaton's best Christmas season ever.

Privately, retailers concede that they are worried. "This could be the worst since 1974," says one, although there are glimmers of Christmas cheer. "It will be a lumpy ride for the retailers," says David Board of Toronto's Borne Fry Ltd. "But not a disaster." The huge 1979 recession glut will not likely be repeated this year, strongly because most retailers entered conservatively. At the same time, interest rates are declining, and the month-end federal budget's effort on settling is seen as largely neutral. There has also been good news from the United States, where the annual inflation rate was a mere 4.4 per cent in October. That should be followed this week by a drop in Canada's Consumer Price Index for November.

The tight money crunch may benefit buyers and the long-term economy, but it has been painful for the retailer. Single-digit sales percentages increases and flat or negative earnings growth this year may be repeated in 1982. Says Robert Knox, "Even if we do have a spurt at Christmas, it will be a temporary relief. Things will be very difficult through the spring."

Optimist signs of things to come include the recently announced closing of The Bay's Shop-Rite catalog stores and the placing in ownership of Toronto-area women's wear chain Odium-Lewin Ltd. As winter weather settled into parts of the country for the first time last week and busy shoppers picked over profit-gobbling sale items, signs of a last-minute surge were difficult to detect. "There are no big Christmas nuts," says analyst George Hartman. "It'll be a Christmas crawl."

All the way to the sales. Christmas season.

Two paths up the mountain

When Donald Hackworth's secretary pulled him out of a meeting at 3:17 p.m. last Monday with a note ordering him to report to his boss, he feared the worst. That was not surprising. Hackworth was worried that General Motors Corp.'s inability to pull out of a prolonged sales slump might mean the dumping of some executives. But Hackworth was not on his way out. He was on the way up—named, at 44, as GM Canada's youngest president, he replaced James Rowhart, who abruptly left the job 22 days ago after only 10 months.

For the largest foreign multinational operating in Canada (sales of \$4.4 billion), the scramble was most intensely compared with last week's coronation at another U.S.-run firm, Imperial Oil Ltd. There, Jack Armstrong, the outspoken chairman and chief executive officer, announced that at year's end he will turn over leadership of Canada's largest foreign-owned oil producer (\$6.3 billion in sales) to his deputy chairman, Donald McIvor.

Differences in their arrivals aside, both men face a heritage of problems in tricky economic times. McIvor, 54, will almost certainly continue to combat the National Energy Program. Because U.S.-based Exxon Corp. controls 30 per cent of its shares, Imperial is not a fed-

eral government favorite and it has been cut out of most exploration incentives. As the soft-spoken McIvor put it in a November speech, "Reducing the effectiveness of such an important segment of the oil industry at a time when, as a country, we need to maximize all the resources at our command is unlikely to enhance the industry's overall productivity."

At the same time, Imperial must make a decision soon on its \$1.5-billion Cold Lake oil sands project even as it battles the threatened export charges before the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission. In hearings in both Ottawa and Edmonton, Imperial, along with Shell, Devon and Gulf Canada, has been defending itself against the Canadian Investigation report last March that Canadians were overcharged \$12 billion for petroleum products between 1968 and 1973.

GM's problems involve less from government sales and more from its own over future sales. Less than 34 hours after being plucked from his job as Oldsmobile's general manufacturing manager in Lansing, Mich., Hackworth found himself in a downtown Toronto hotel with 12 representatives of GM's National Dealer Council. While dealers posted a 15.9-per-cent sales hike in November, the boom may be short-lived



Hackworth in Toronto. GM's boss predicted auto has a lot to learn

because the Ontario government's month-long removal of sales tax on new cars has ended. In addition, GM and the dealers had to pay out what the firm will only estimate as "millions of dollars" in subsidies to entice customers by offering 14.9-per-cent financing. Nor, even if the pickup in Canada continues, it would not mean much for Canadian manufacturers. An 18.3-per-cent sales drop in the United States last month has already caused layoffs for 4,775 GM Canada employees, and Canadian executives admit that the slump may drag on to spring.

The Ohio-born Hackworth's sudden appearance in Canada comes after corporate headquarter's wood-fronted president Richard Smith to Clark Equipment Co. of Buckhams, Mich., for a reported \$280,000 annual salary. Hackworth admits in his flat nasal drawl that he has a lot to learn, even about something as important as the U.S.-Canada trade pact.

Says Hackworth of his quick move north: "As my wife said, 'At least they gave you 17 hours to prepare.'" Mackinac-born McIvor may have been better prepared for his new position. Since joining Imperial after graduating as a geologist in 1958, he has programmed study to what is likely the pinnacle of his career. Not so with Hackworth, who, if GM follows its standard pattern, will be shipped somewhere else in three years. With imports accounting North American bulk car sales and equipment's unease over energy costs, any bumpy road at the top is more to be feared than not.

—JAN AUSTIN



McIvor and Imperial's Norman Wells refinery: not a federal government favorite

Waiting for a spring breakup

By Roderick McQueen

The night was quiet, the moon was yellow and the pines were turning brown. It was 1983, a business dinner at the fancy Toronto Club Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau had just spoken to a business group and was taking a coffee break. A resident of a U.S. subsidiary "Why don't you recruit top businessmen into government so they do in the U.S.?" Roderick Trudeau "We did that once," then he said his job on the govt. of Canadian business. Walter Gordon, but one fellow complained so much that we had to get rid of him." Whenever it is blame for the bad business-government relations that have continued to plague these past 10 years. Trudeau himself, in a speech earlier this year, blamed things to the French-Kaplan split in Hugh Maclean's novel Two Solitudes. Said Trudeau, with all the grace of a cloned bear: "Business always loves government, of course, when it's spending money to help business and despises it the rest of the time."

It's a hope that his run through Trudeau's political career like a tool, clothing him with his stately views toward business and (again Trudeau) has called social law. Now into this year, comes a book by right-winged academic Jazzen Gilson, former MP and erstwhile vice chief adviser to Prime Minister Joe Clark called Where Business Fails. It details the deterioration of business-government relations since the grand old days when C.D. Howe ran both worlds.

But while the book is a good read map for dealing with Ottawa, that Imperial City of small ideas, it's largely a narrow view of the past. It details the loss of power by individual civil servants and the re-establishment of decision-making under the prime minister but offers no mechanisms, citing only the need for more businessmen in Parliament. In fact, top executives may not be attracted to Ottawa at present pay. A top executive earns \$200,000, the head of an investment firm, in a good year, can add a \$200,000 bonus to his \$225,000 salary. Until the

country stops grumping about cabinet salaries (which are \$84,000), the appeal will be slight.

Then there's the aggression. Ron Ritchie, who rose to senior vice-president of Imperial Oil, became, in 1968, first chairman of the Institute for Research on Public Policy—publishers, inevitably, of Gilson's book. Having decided to run for Parliament, Ritchie took a misjudged trip at the Conservative nomination for Wellington South in May, 1974, lost, then died in Algeria and was wounded in the July 1974 election. He then plunked himself into the



where Trudeau sent of York East, knocked on thousands of doors to win, finally, in 1978, only to be defeated in 1980. He hasn't ruled out running again. Others in business look at that jagged assault and say, "Who needs it?"

A goodly number of chief executive officers surveyed for their book agree businessmen should run, but a minority says it's not easy. Even then, the pessimist is often a spent corporate force. Former Liberal cabinet ministers (Alastair Gillespie, David Buchanan, Robert Andrus and Barry Thomas among others) have drifted out of politics and into business. In some cases, it's because they are spent political beasts. Whatever the reason, the flow has not reduced tension between the two armed camps.

As for other pessimist poets, Gilson recommends continued trade union solidarity, back, head lobbyist and consultants, wants continued one-on-one contact and a more adversarial system, although he doesn't expand the thought

or explain how anything could be more adversarial than it is now. Those most welcome in Ottawa, I would suggest, will continue to be businessmen who elude the national anthem (Dean's Jack Gallagher or Nova's Bob Allen), set those who lament their lot. And there will always be those who will try to marry finance or make direct connections—as Gilson can attest. During an interview in his Longview Block office in the midst of the Clark regime, Gilson took a phone call, ended a few sentences, then hung up muttering—with a combination of dismay and delight—

"God damn. Royal Bank, always trying to get me on their board."

Gilson rightly urges higher public profiles for chief executives, officers, better communication skills, a more professional corporate approach to policy-making and more legislative input. But the plan fails—in—and it's a point that Gilson does not make — business-government relations will never improve under the current political leaders. In the Two Solitudes speech earlier this year, Trudeau bellowed at half of it, saying "I just hope that the upcoming generation of business people will have better

relations with the government than the predecessors." Realistic, however, is too kind, the view of both sides too doom for hope. In these rough times for Joe Clark either Clark, as business stalwart notes, has never had a real job, you see, never met a payroll. Where the fault lies is not clear. As long as matters become change will not come until Trudeau is replaced by Donald Macdonald, John Turner or Jean Chrétien, all of whom have the respect of business. For the Tories, it would take a move to John Dineen or Brian Mulroney. Only then would there be a business renaissance in this country to match the eager leaving their U.S. colleagues receive at the Reagan White House. It would be such a wonderful world all the above propped on the same foot-stall. The consumer would know what the Roman had in mind when he said and carried empire. But the buyer beware. On second thought, maybe the current deep freeze is just fine for us small fry.



HEALTH

Pregnancy guilt trips

By Eleanor Wachtel

Sarah Laxton-Spout, a 27-year-old social worker, is in the seventh month of her pregnancy. Standing at a busy Vancouver interview, she unconsciously holds her breath until the light turns green. She has read an article about the dangers of auto-fumes on fetal development. Across town, obstetrician Lori Karkis takes a pregnant woman who wants to take vitamins supplement, but she learned that the pills she had bought were tainted with suspected red dye. "How peculiar it is," writes Yvonne Davis, a pregnant woman, to the Vancouver Sun, "that in the day of scientific awareness the pregnant mother is almost afraid to eat, drink or breathe."

Perhaps someone should do more research on the ways in which scientific "discoveries" manipulate people's emotions. The pressures on pregnant women, confusions of the feminist avant-garde, moralistic reactions, are overwhelming. Where once simple moderation was the watchword, now total abstinence is the rallying cry—resulting from both a plethora of new studies and the inability to find acceptable minimum levels of suspect food and drugs. This July, the U.S. Surgeon General recommended that pregnant women give up alcohol entirely. Six months earlier, the commissioner of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) stated that pregnant women would be wise to curtail their intake of caffeine, which rates as cold as well as coffee and tea.

The old belief that the mother protects the fetus at the risk of her own life, that smoking crosses the placental barrier, has been known to be untrue for some time. However, the extent of fetal vulnerability is only now being fully explored. For example, the half-life of caffeine in one hour in a man, as long as 30 hours in a pregnant woman, is a new fact. "The only safe level is none," says Dr. Patricia Baird, head of medical genetics at the University of British Columbia. "Would you give a baby a cup of coffee before it was six months old? A run and color!"

The socially acceptable levels of any substance are no longer perceived as moderate when absorbed by the fetus. Carolina University psychologist Peter Fried has studied 600 women to ascertain the effects of "social" levels of marijuana, cigarettes and alcohol. The babies of women who smoked fewer than five marijuana cigarettes a week dis-

played normal nervous system development at birth. However, the offspring of mothers who drank approximately one ounce of liquor a day—a couple of highballs or beer—showed irregularities in muscle tone. Fried is still monitoring long-term effects, but his examination of neonatally accepted doses leads new and strict inquiry to the mother's actions.

Modern inquiry into the mother's effect on the fetus is "in its infancy" dates back to 1867, when researchers reported that babies of smokers weighed less at full term. The momentum picked up when the deleterious influence of alcoholic mothers came to the fore in 1973 and was named Fetal Alcohol Syndrome. Within two years, research shifted to analyzing the "normal drinker," and in short order, the



possible negative influences of autism, jaundice, baby blues, neonatal jaundice, and an assortment of prescription and over-the-counter drugs. But solid research is integrated carefully and reported responsibly, warranting no boasting. "It's an overload: there's been so much in the media that mothers are overwhelmed and have difficulty determining what's true and what's nonsense," notes Dr. David F. Birch of the outpatient department at Vancouver's Health Centre for Children.

The hammer of guilt is being used to knock pregnant women into line. Television ads linking infant mental retardation with maternal smoking or smoking on roads. "Most mental retardation can be prevented," Carlisle's Peter Fried, author of Smoking for Pats, deniers. "This implied one-to-one connection is nonsense. It is simply too strong a statement to make on the basis of scientific evidence." Dr. Patrick Macleod,

associate professor of medical genetics at the engaged in clinical studies of Fetal Alcohol Syndrome, says that in fact most birth defects are not preventable. Approximately three per cent of babies have some type of abnormality. "Is about 90 per cent of cases of birth defects we can't come up with a clear cause and effect."

"To warn or not to warn is the dilemma," Stafford Field, director of the U.S. Bureau of Foods, admits, "If we don't say anything, we're accused of trying to hide information; and if we do, we're accused of raising false fears." Dr. Henry Hanes thinks authorities are crying wolf too often. As head of the Fetal Alcohol Education Program at Boston University, Hanes argues that the Surgeon General overestimated the possible effects of a mother's moderate drinking on her fetus. "Doctors won't believe it [this advocacy]. It runs against their common sense approach." But Hanes argues, "I'd rather make it known to people and let them make up



their own minds." Ironically, the most hopeful result of this spurge in cautionism is that information is just what the patient ordered. This leads true particularly for women who are taking a more active role in their own pregnancies. In addition, they are having fewer children—1.7 as average—liberally putting all their eggs in one basket. So although we may make pleasure and have babies later, there's a heightened concern for infant health and vitality.

Instead of feeling victimized or "guilted out," then, most women are coping, adapting—they want to know, as Laxton-Spout, English-born, stressed long-distance moving in order to become pregnant. To be safe, she also quit just drinking and alcohol and cut down on tea and coffee. "For nine months, it's just not worth taking a risk. But what happens when they are on about pickles and on cream?"

Carnivorous appetites gone wild

By Anthony Whittingham

It's a display that regular patrons of the Caribbad find a bit odd. Seated in the dark-paneled Toronto restaurant, neighbouring waiters warily probe their food and, murmuring nervously, pass sample forklifts among themselves. Afterward, meanwhile, most dutifully and return to serving their wands—the lumpy bits of wild boar head, the even less waxy of venison steak and the robust splendor of buffalo ragout. Owner George Berda takes it all in stride. "It's hard to believe, but the eating of game food is a new experience to most Canadians. But we're winning new converts every day."

leading customers beyond fillet mignon. Long the sole preserve of hunters and trappers, the "gamey meat" is drawing supporters from a number of camps. Licensed farmers are potential income from raising and selling game animals. As for consumers, some are motivated by the possibility of cheaper meat supplies, while others simply hunger for the wild taste with a hint of backbeat in every bite. Traditional Eastern European game eaters are not the only ones. Many Valley of Toronto's Coastlands Schreder restaurant dines, "We have at least as many Canadian customers as Europeans." Pouchers, cognizant of restaurants' dependence on sporadic supplies, are also cooking up the

widespread bans on the practice. Indeed wild game's greatest drawback against an assault of bureaucratic success is the law. The enmeshment of wildlife protection legislation and federal and provincial health laws regulating the proper inspection of meat, manage to make the commercial sale of game and wildlife all but impossible. Canada Packers, for example, the nation's largest meat processor, is currently under pressure in Quebec for "illegally selling 'wildlife'." On this case reminder is confirmation of provincial law, even though the animals were harvested legally under federal law from an inspected ranch herd. "We seem to be the last—there is in the nation—in this little sandwich," la-



"Excuse me. What is the name of this dish?"

Berda is one of a small handful of restaurateurs across Canada catering to a newly adventurous meat-eating public. While the traditional burredyness of soup, pig and sheep—along with poultry and fish—remains an undisputed favorite, North American tastes are broadening. Beginning with animals commonly domesticated in Europe and Asia, including pork and horse, the list of desirable meats now embraces game and wildlife. Europeans and other ethnic eating habits have introduced major grocery stores to stock more exotic offerings. Buffalo and caribou have been selling well in Woodward's stores. Zapp's in Toronto, a specialty division of Loblaw's Stores, proffered venison at about \$30 a kilo and buffalo at about \$22 a kilo. And Quebecers have been able to buy wild boar and rabbit at several supermarket chains. Berda's restaurant, Caribbad, is located at 1000 Bloor Street West in Toronto. In Vancouver, his restaurant is located at 1000 Bloor Street West. In Vancouver, his restaurant is located at 1000 Bloor Street West. In Vancouver, his restaurant is located at 1000 Bloor Street West.

spread. Recent arrivals in Ontario's Wellington County point to an illicit deer-hunting ranch, processing meat potentially destined for restaurants. With demand running to high, government ministers have been forced to reconsider the option of wildlife farming. In British Columbia, the provincial ministry was prompted to circulate a white paper proposing changes that would permit wildlife farming of buffalo, elk, moose, deer and chamois, and in this month beginning to sort through more than 1,000 responses. Canada is already administering native ranching of buffalo, reindeer and musk-oxen. Continental importers, the sole Canadian distributor of the finest reindeer venison in Canada, estimates 1991 sales will amount to 34,000 kg or about 750 animals (permissible because reindeer is not native to Canada). The commercial import of bison for commercial consumption is not likely to come off. Part overabundance of caribou process and buffalo has ended

Canada Packers Corporate Secretary Alastair MacKenzie laws forbidding domestication of native wildlife force people like George Berda to import and breed foreign game such as moose and wild boar. Legislation aside, many game and fur-bearing animals may simply be protected by their fast taste, strong meat or ghastly appearance. Most snakes, for example, aren't provided anywhere by legislation. Various, oddly enough, may be about to receive official protected status under Ontario law, due in part to the growing influx of Asian immigrants who have recently discovered this native delicacy. Restaurants and supermarkets, with their staffed meat processing, may be all that's keeping this urban fall alive. "If most of us actually had to procure our own meat," says Harold Jenkins of Ontario's natural resources ministry's wildlife branch, "we'd all pretty quickly become vegetarians."

Wild game: An issue

Hooked on the pools

"When I first came to this office, one of the men said, 'You don't have the know-how to do this, but give it a try anyway,'" recalls a 36-year-old sales secretary at Moore Business Forms Ltd., in Toronto. No star in her professional skills, the comment spurred her to join in the office football pool and cost her dollar in the wind along with about 30 coworkers who pick the NFL's finest each week for a chance at a \$25 pot. The secretary's first try made her a winner and she has been hooked ever since, though the odds she can't tell one wild man from the other. "I really hooked the men when I won," she admits. "I mean, there are guys here who spend a lot of time discussing about point spreads and injury lists and stuff. I just bet for teams like San Francisco because I always wanted to go there, or Dallas because I like J.R. style."

Despite the fact that organizing or participating in an office football pool is an indefinable criminal offense, untold thousands of deskbound Canadians will be busy filling out their \$20 pool cards as the season draws to a close in Detroit on Jan. 26. "People don't consider the illegality of pools," says Iain Kopyov, a psychology professor at Artisan College who conducts seminars on the finer points of gambling under the pseudonym Iain Haskie Boudier, he adds, gambling is the great equalizer, transcending status, wealth and education. Thus the lowly office boy can run above his station and beat middle management types like the top brass seldom play, according to Kopyov, because they don't want to gamble on losing. Women, meanwhile, have an opportunity to dominate male colleagues. Unlike lotteries, playing the pool offers best odds and a chance for office comrades to Sisy Kopyov. "People are getting tremendous existential value for their money."

It is estimated that in such cities as Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver, more than \$5 million in "extraneous value" rules on NFL games every weekend with millions more expected to change hands over the Super Bowl. But according to Toronto Staff Sgt. Roy Russell, heavy bookmakers interest police far more than the \$25 office gamblers. "Pools don't have a big effect," says Russell. "A buck here or there is no big deal."

—MICHAEL MONTGOMERY

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New architecture rounds the corner

By James Loken

Looking down from his 31st-floor office in Montreal's Place Ville Marie, David Calver, president of Alcan International, is anticipating his long-awaited descent to ground level. Calver's flight from his crane is a 79th-century townhouse on Sherbrooke Street—a move many high-rise office workers would envy. But the renowned Alcanite House, with its 14-foot columns and marble fireplace, is only one component of Maison Alcan, the corporation's new international headquarters. Instead of erecting yet another skyscraper, Alcan is refurbishing almost an entire block of Sherbrooke Street—four greystone townhouses and an old hotel—to front an ultramodern, yet rounded aluminum and glass low-rise building.

The harmonized dimensions of Maison Alcan typify the changing spirit of Canadian architecture as it breaks out of the sterile parameters of international style modernism—the glass box in the wilderness. Since the mid-'70s, a growing revolt against the skyscrapers of modernism has begun to offer the face of Canadian cities. Architects in Montreal, Toronto, Calgary and Vancouver are rounding corners, curving towers and adding color and lateral ornamentation—drives, arcades, protruding flutings, rounded corbels, canopies, pilasters—all in a mandated obligation of building as sculpture. That idea accompanies the already widespread effort by architects to graft new buildings onto existing older structures, thereby preserving the character of the area. A public demand for architecture that provides inviting gathering places has spawned a new design ethic (Corporatism and banks are, like Alcan, characterized by modernism and cost for solid prestige. Alcan project architect Ray Albeck is a fine believer in the new style. "Today we want a richer, warmer, more humane architecture," he says.

Initiatives in the vein of the aquatic curves of Eberhard Zeidler's Ratus Centre in Toronto, or Philip Johnson



Architect and sloping roofs at Calgary's Bankers' Hall

and John Rague's Manhattan AT&T building with its Chippendale-like broken pediment, have caught public fancy. Yet only a decade ago, such experiments would have brought charges of heresy from the so-called modernists. The legacy of the post-World War German Bauhaus group, which stressed architectural design down to the bare essentials of steel and glass, was a far-reaching adherence of modernism. Under the influence of Bauhaus founders Walter Gropius and Mies Van der Rohe, the American skyscraper (which in the '80s and '90s soared upward in exotic Gothic and art deco forms) became a minimalist rectangle—as an icon of anonymous corporate power. Imperfect traces of Van der Rohe's own designs, such as his elegant black Toronto Dominion Centre, have, in many cities, now created a cluster of black mirrored walls and dreary corner offices.

Corporate titans, throwing financial

crusades to the wind, are spearheading the Renaissance trend to forge appealing public images. According to Toronto architect Jack Calver, companies are investing in buildings as statements. In Toronto, corporate trademarks now include the CN Tower and the golden chandelier of the Royal Bank Plaza. "People identify these buildings," which is the almost, which is the highest, which is most bizarre, and which simply shouts out its name the loudest. Now corporate clients are beginning to realize they can achieve the benefit of that identity with buildings that have characteristics that are most humane." Alcan's design, for example, was largely due to Calver's interest in preserving the rich assortment of Victorian and Georgian architecture—good public relations. "Alcan wanted to symbolize that Montreal was our permanent home," says Calver. "What better way than to preserve part of Montreal's main street?" In Calgary, where Housing and Development Corporation's design for a new 31-story hotel and grand office tower will stand out sharply from what

its architect, David Scott, calls Calgary's "measurless white." Says ATCO President Otto Steiner, "Designs now appreciate a landmark building." Public pressure to preserve buildings has also led many developers to make a prefabricatory bow to the past by throwing up 20 stories of certain wall. Historic-modern combinations attempt to meet these demands. Toronto architects Raymond Murray and Russell Thorn collaborated to do just this in their Confederation Square project in downtown Toronto. The design centres on the original Confederation Life Building, an ornate and looming 19th-century neo-Baroque structure. By inserting the red sandstone building's old new materials, preserving the same scale and motif, the design endows a new aluminum and glass tower. "The very important principle behind our design," explains Murray, "was that the new should not be wrapped around the old but that

the old should be wrapped around the new."

Not all designs appeal preservation advocates. In Montreal, the Place Mercatelle project incorporates as a facade the original row of greystone townhouses that stood on the site. They were dismantled stone by stone and partially reconstructed to offer each major level, an exclusive Sherbrooke Street address. This sort of false-front historicism draws the ire of some critics who feel the result is a travesty of both the original and the modern architecture. "Developers are looking in on the province of Sherbrooke Street," says Melissa Charney, architecture professor at the Université de Montréal. "but at the same time they're knocking down the buildings that created that province."



Classical and art deco in Portland office building



The Elmwood's fancy brickwork (left), Maison Alcan fuses old and new (right)

he points out, new concrete can be poured into any shape an artist desires and the line is established over the nature of materials. More important, sculpture can use symbols to illustrate life in the building.

Similar sentiments are finding expression across the country. In Montreal, Jean-Benoit Goy's plans for Place Beaver Hall specify a copper roof echoing those of surrounding older buildings. At the exclusive women's club project, "The Elmwood" in Toronto, patterned brickwork embellishes a new addition adjoining the more historical building. According to the architect, Paul Morset, the decorative wall not only 25 per cent more than straight brickwork.

The plea for urban diversity, passionately articulated by Jane Jacobs in her seminal book *Death and Life of Great American Cities*, has also generated a social design ethic. Skyscrapers of

rounded design, such as Jean Calvill's Caspian Boulevard with its galleries and broad mezzanine in Montreal, hearken back to the tradition of the public square. The serpentine curves of the Grande Prairie Regional College and St. Mary's Church in Red Deer, Alta., seek to evoke a harmony with nature, and, according to architect Douglas Cardinal, were designed to raise the spirits of local inhabitants.

Meanwhile, thanks to big business, the skyline of Canadian cities as a whole are visibly changed, as well as appeal, and even function. Even the banks have adapted. The Bankers' Hall project in Calgary, a collaboration between the Royal Bank and the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, will erect twin towers of silver and gold, re-

peating the colors of the bank's head offices in Toronto. The sloping, needle-like towers top existing buildings with a sweeping central arch. Explains associate architect Klaus Knaack: "We're trying to create a stronger sense of skyline by using varying forms."

Some Canadian architects resist the more radical projects. "I don't think you have to play honey games with historical details to be progressive," says Ronald Thorne, pointing to the more urgent priority of caring offices. At Dulbair and Associates, Mary DeBono agrees. "Post-modernism is almost a pitiful movement." Post-modernists would argue that there is a code of open-mindedness, a willingness to experiment. Or as architect Peter Rose, a lecturer on architectural history at McGill University, suggests, "We're lost the absolute faith in the future that inspired the modernists, and pending our reassessment of it, we don't want to throw away the past."

With photos by John Shorler



You can pour whisky

BOOKS

Under wraps: kids' lit

As anyone who was a bookish child remembers, reading was the refuge of the child who didn't quite fit. Nothing was better for such a kid than getting books for Christmas, because books, in those awkward times from age 8 to 12, could successfully isolate one from the increasingly important judgments of one's peers. So what if you were too smart or weird-looking, or a loner at hockey. Did they know all about the Arctic or volcanoes or dinosaurs or horses? Three novels will warm the hearts of such "outsider" kids this Christmas. And even if your child has herds of meta friends, we suspect that each child carries within him the secret hope that he is somehow "different."

A *Perfect Day for Kites* by Mesage Carriacou (Canadian) by David Henkel, Douglas & McIntyre, \$10.95 hardcover, \$5.95 softcover) is perhaps the most poignant of the three. At 31, Arno Cidre

is just such an outsider, with a hazy mix of knowledge about craft-fishing, spaghetti, the mathematics of deer, plants and animal life, and the geology of the St. Lawrence River basin around the village of Brimont. He is staying there with his father, an unsuccessful writer badly wounded and withdrawn after the death of his wife, who had locked, moved and called poetically like Little Arno. What Arno doesn't know is how to seduce his father into leaving him again. But he is a resilient hero who goes out into the world and not only wins his father's love, but also a girlfriend for his shattered family—mythic feats bearing the emotional reality of a fairy tale by the Grimm.

So, *I'm Different* (Douglas & McIntyre, \$10.95 hardcover, \$5.95 softcover) is much more vernacular and modern, narrated by Juan Weir in the first-person voice of an 11-year-old Indian boy named Nicky, adopted and strifed in a new school called Upewish Upper-ewist-wich, as Nicky does it, has apparently never had an Indian child cross its threshold. Nicky, with the help of his grandfather's wisdom and the example of a lovely Indian fable about the purpose of rainbows, makes his connections to the new life, but not before Weir has had a chance to make a few choice reflections on "outsiderhood," such as:

"My safe smile is a kind of therapeutic beginning smile, but it isn't a 'belly' look. That way if the other people don't smile back, it isn't embarrassing. Then, I just look past them and pretend I'm smiling to myself."

Rose Larkin, the orphan heroine of Janet Lunn's *The Root Cellar* (Doubleday & Doran, \$14.95 hardcover, \$7.95 softcover) doesn't bother trying even a safe smile on anyone, especially not her aunt and uncle and the vaguely-pagely collection of cousins with whom she has been sent to live. But Lunn has given the unhappy Rose an escape into a warmer past down the rotten steps of an old root cellar that transports her into adventures in the era of the American Civil War. It is the most ambitious novel of the three, but doesn't quite come off. The mechanics of Rose's time travel are often clumsy. And equal mirroring measure should have been given to Rose's present-time dilemma—her frigidity with an apparently loving re-familial—before hastily applying the magic past-life of the past.

If you would like a child expert on the heart in the family, nothing would suit better than this pair of books. Long Glass by James Houston (McClelland and Stewart, \$11.95) is about the

strange, starling reality of an Irish family divided without feud. Grandfather has ended a single cartoon three blizzard-ridden days' work away, its settlers all that mark its hiding place. The two eldest children set out to bring it back, but have to get past a equally longy. It's a gripping horror on the way. *Dark and the Arctic Circle* (Douglas & McIntyre, \$18.95) is a picture-book legend version of starring last and the cartoon shortage, a beautiful example of a mythic ending.

The Worm's Egg, as retold by Carole Spry (Porch Books, \$9.95), is folio and friendly and illustrated cleverly by Kim La Pave in nice warm pumpkin colors. It tells the customary tale of a naive Irish-Catholic writer taken for a ride by his Irish New World neighbors, much as Susanna Moodie was—as Margaret Atwood points out in an afterward. This poor fellow's 16 weeks of sitting do not hatch a horse out of a pumpkin, and this gives rise to an small quibble: a pumpkin, wrapped up in blankets and left by a fire, would not sit quicker than that.

Merchants of the Mysterious East (Tundra Books, \$12.95) is a distinctly odd collection of the writers of smelly and sporty, Smith and Smith who ended the streets of artist-winner John Linn's Singapore childhood. How much



Linn's personal vendor: stories for authors, inventors, the inquisitive

more interesting than shopping at the supermarket or department store, is how hard only from the breakfast or frog vendor or knockdown seller ("What he really sold was surprise")

Linn has worked his pictures out in bright blocks of color in the flattened dimension in which children draw. The habit he has of putting people's heads as upside down is disconcerting at



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Nothing could make *Between* (Boh Oxford University Press, \$19.95) grow on this trip, however, as the principle that picture books must attract or enchant an adult reader as well as the child recipient of the readings. Jean Bodger and artist Mark Thomson have made a valiant attempt to personally child psychologist Jean Piaget's concept of object constancy in *Between's* hunt for a bright red ball. But their larger aim overshadows what should be the immediate purpose of any such effort—the self-entertainment of children.

Finally, more simple fun is available in two brightly illustrated picture books. *Black and White* (Blackberry Press, \$9.95) does what you might expect it to do with 32 familiar nursery rhyme rams around with them as a theme and the addition of a verse to two. Pat Patterson and Jon Wintourman have come up with some charming picture puzzles for the under-5 set. It is the zipper in *The Great Canadian Alphabet Book* (Harvard Press, \$10.95) because a Canadian invented it, and there are three other nice little tales of inventions. Unfortunately, the author Philip Johnson has occasionally succumbed to a distinctly horrible educational tack. It is for *Shower the Safety Elephant?* Not that kids shouldn't know his rules, but surely the comic seems less than enough in the classroom. Why not *E for Eggs* or *Cartoons, Books, or Eggs* right for women. Let's be daring.

—ANNE COLLIER

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Piction

- 1 *Naked House* (Doubt)
- 2 *How I Spent My Summer Holidays* (Macmillan)
- 3 *The Last of My Rampage* (Jenny)
- 4 *Really Home* (Jenny)
- 5 *Cake King* (Jenny)
- 6 *An Invention Obsession* (Macmillan)
- 7 *The Rebel Angels* (Doubt)
- 8 *The Third Deadly Sin* (Doubt)
- 9 *Twelve Stairs* (Macmillan)
- 10 *Get Out of the House* (Macmillan)

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Assassins* (Newman)
- 2 *Flames Across the Border* (Doubt)
- 3 *The Art of Robert Balaam* (Doubt)
- 4 *The Lord God Made Them All* (Doubt)
- 5 *Intention Is a Good Word* (Doubt)
- 6 *Men of Property* (Goldberg)
- 7 *Disaster at the End of the World* (Doubt)
- 8 *The Game of Our Lives* (Grosvenor)
- 9 *Conquest* (Grosvenor)
- 10 *The Secret Life of the Universe* (Clarke)

(*) Position last week.

MUSIC

Under wraps: tot tunes



Part of the innocence of children is having no track with the systems of taste and standards. When it comes to music, there's no telling what they will get off on. It might be Jonathan Demme, a sort of pop-wave fellow who sings about the ubiquitous services in the supermarket, old Beatles records or the latest single from Foreigner. Secretly, the signatures of these in the basements of making records specifically for children are rather so culture war spectacles.

Such differentiation is apparent in *The Sound of Music* (Elephant Records), the latest from *June* winners Sharon, Lois & Bram. Besides slickness of performance, the most noticeable feature of the album is its sociological research, fully outlined in the accompanying booklet of words and music. There are songs from Scotland, South America, Quebec and Broadway, most of them aggressively participatory and dished up with the expertise of an audio-visual consultant who had one too many in lunch.

Fred Penner is likewise determined to please. Affability made flesh, he wears the same bow tie as his dog in the photo on the back of *The Pinks Are Pink* (Troubadour). The songs are less centered, from an engaging *O' Mine You Were Crying*, *I'd Have Baked a Cake* through *Dance*, written by Penner himself, about a bear that wishes it were a mountain with a sing-along chorus that should catch on with the theatre family.

More in touch with the real world, *At the Music Factory* (Platterfly) by Jim and Beulah is laudable for *I Wish My Brother Laid Me*, about sibling rivalry, and *My Apartment*, about hygiene (sing: "I love to pink the bathroom is my cleavage space"). However, the conclusion of a booklet with suggestions for

related activities and questions for discussion may be oversteering their emotionally good intentions.

While most performers of children's music in Canada seem to be folk musicians who never made it with grown-ups, Compung in *Grassie (Golf)* Records features television stars Ray Bird and Oscar the Grouch. The songs by Macmillan Jim, Nancy White, Beverly's Olsen-Copeland and others, are set in a sensitive framework and become part of a musical drama about self-actualization. Debbie (Cree Summer) Fruskin (*Shake Shave a Soap*, goes to camp and ends up hitting out *I Can Do It* While the album takes pains to convey the con-



cert entertainment—the plane carrying Big Bird and Oscar to Toronto is piloted by a woman—Canada is stereotypically presented as a land of words and lakes. Instead of lessons, Chris and Ken Whitey of *Junior Joe Band* (Troubadour) offer a laid-back good time. The emphasis is on music, and nothing in the current crop of children's records is so foot-tapping as *The Bore Ford Dance*, in which a crop of vegetables goes on a spree—old time summer strikes up a jammer, and a red tomato shakes the shrimp with the sweet potato.

Forcing a more scientific explanation of the world around us, *Space Child* (El Macmillan) Records should be full of wonder but is without cheer. Versa by the likes of *Love This Todd*, *Excuse*, *Rehabilitation* and *Kim Mitchell* bring it as close to rock and roll as children's albums get. However, the songs, shown reasonable energy sources and such, are crisscrossed with information and accomplished morality and are as precise as the narration by David Burt, the country's most beloved know-it-all.

—DAVID LAMONTAGNE

FILMS

Plight of the living dead



Deyfunt: an affecting portrait of a man whose present life is all past tense

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?

Directed by John Badham

What must Brian Clark's *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* so emotionally draining on the stage was its confessional claustrophobia and its strong sense of identification with its hero's unshakably hapless situation. Harrison, a talented and witty sculptor paralyzed from the neck down, was as clearly defined as a character that an audience could not help but be pulled toward him. Clark showed as what T.S. Eliot termed "the skull beneath the skin," where thought was imprisoned, ordering similarly as the body refused in the natural right to be transposed into action. Facing action in the world, enforcing the indignity of total dependence, socially tormented, Harrison perceives that death is his only choice for peace.

With stagecraft that was pure witchery, Brian Clark played his hero's battle against the hospital for the right to make and act upon that decision. In the movie version of *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*, scripted by Clark with Reginald Kest, the witchery is still there, albeit slightly altered. The director, John Badham (*Goodbye Night Fever*, *Dramatic*), has opened up the play without losing the claustrophobia. The movie is richer from the opening horrific traffic accident, it has a visual density and scope that amplify the scenes attending a magisterial road to freedom.

made a vegetable-like body. Badham has drawn a remarkably restrained performance from Richard Dreyfuss, who, while not digging as deeply into despair as Mary Tyler Moore or Tom Cetti did in *Bringing*, nevertheless etches an affecting portrait of a man whose

present life is all past tense.

Badham takes chances with the material other directors wouldn't. He dreamed of a black-and-white flashback to Harrison and his girlfriend, a dancer, in risky stuff. But when Dreyfuss, with a cigarette hanging from his mouth, turns his whole body and looks lovingly, ready with desire, toward Janet Eilner (it's embarrassingly pasty, you understand why he now drives her away from him. What could have been terrible mistakes in judgment), is thunderous under Dreyfuss' window during a gut-wrenching scene, the caring of a shimmering Bob Beamon as the lawyer who represents his case, the off-camera camera angles, work through sheer force of conviction, adding a quality of elegance. Mario Turi's lighting suggests a walking world where the man is neither alive nor dead.

The most quietly effective moments in the movie are those between Harrison and a doctor (beautifully played by

Christine Lahti) just before leaving him alive and turning him dead. Addressing itself to the question of what makes life worth living, *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* has the cruelty of grief, involving drama, it refuses to let us escape.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

Star-gazing by the lake

ON GOLDEN FOND

Directed by Mark Ruffalo

On Golden Pond is the kind of play where everyone goes around talking every body else as an old "paw." Its big recurring joke involves a broken screen door that crashes to the floor each time someone touches it, which is meant to be symbolic and, of course, is ended by the end of the play. In between the screen-door jokes, little hero films are delivered on Life, Death, Sex and the Marvels of Nature. On Golden Pond as a quartet it makes do with some high-tech scenarios.

The movie version expands upon the play with ravishing shots of light glimmering on the lake and looms looking along through the dappled water in time to a Chopin-esque piano score—an attempt, though hardly successful, to disfigure the play's artifice. On Golden Pond hasn't played a while, the floorboards from the stage still creak mightily. However, the making of Henry Fonda and Katherine Hepburn as the old couple meditating on their waning years at their summer place has turned On Golden Pond into something much more than a movie—it's now an event. As the venerable Norman Thayer Jr. Fonda has a field day playing the curmudgeon, he is parading 53 this particular summer, losing his memory as well as his hair and making cracks about his age. As his devoted wife, Katherine Hepburn has a ball playing herself. What we witness is not someone named

Hubbard, Fonda: With hostility on Life, Death, Sex and the Marvels of Nature



Etzel, but neither the indefatigable Miss Kate running off to pack strawberries, making long calls, dancing in the woods to herself, hitting heavy cartoons, driving a speedboat, skunk-dipping and diving into the lake to save her husband. Miss Kate does everything except pump iron.

Both movie legends get along famously and they're enjoyable to watch, even to the point of occasionally bemoaning how awful the play is. They cadle and kiss and call each other old people—a good thing too, since there's no dramatic conflict between the two.



Thelma and Thommy: impeccably directed

YOU CAN AFFORD TO OWN A MONNET



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characters. This is reserved for Pop and prodigal daughter Chelsea (Jane Fonda), who arrives with her dentist boyfriend Bill (Dabney Coleman) and his son, Billy (Doug McKean). Chelsea thinks Pop's an old poop of the worst kind, always having been rejected by men. Chelsea and Bill leave Billy with the old folks at home. Pop introduces Billy to *Twelve Angry Men* and, before, they become fast friends. Etzel, the Mother of Us All, returns from dancing in the woods and looks on Burt's-eyed but approvingly. Chelsea (apparently an opportunist) for the Miami-based Jane Fonda to push her fitness schools and display her deteriorating skills as an actress returns and makes up with Pop. Burt's over and so's the movie, and they and we are all paged out.

—LAWRENCE UPTON

Talking about a generation

FOUR FRIENDS
Directed by Arthur Penn

A movie of wonderful, even magical, moments, *Four Friends* is as fascinating as it is flawed. The writer Steven Teitel (*Breaking Away*), has taken as a far-ranging subject in the lives of four people from the late '60s through the '70s, and grappled with the great social shifts they became caught up in and often tore apart by. Partly autobiographical (the main character David, like Teitel, is a Yiddish immigrant who grows up in Indiana), the movie jumps around too conspicuously through the time period, it's filled with sparkle but has little fire. But when it is in control, it's dazzlingly lovely.

Impeccably directed by Arthur Penn (there's hardly a scene in it that could have been better staged), *Four Friends* is one of those rarities that might have used an extra half-hour or so of footage to flesh out the characters David

(Craig Wasson) and the free-spirited Georgia (Jodi Thelen), who fancies herself the next *Madame Dubois*, are the dreamy followed through the decades, but the other two boys, Tom (Jim Metzler) and David (Michael Huddleston) drop out of sight until near the end, where we see Tom with his Vietnamese wife and David as a harpist (a pretty dramatic way to sum up years in a man's life). The three men are hopefully infatuated with Georgia, a point amplified too loudly by the recurrence of *Georgia on My Mind* on the track, which changes to the first few bars of David's "New World" symphony to accentuate David's infatuation with the concept of America.

Despite David's rambling similes—as a character and Georgia's Zelda-like pathos, *Four Friends* does have many isolated pleasures. David's arrival in America, the emotional high jinks of the four friends and how they pour out their dreams to one another, a grossly original fight sequence, a startling murder and its aftermath. And there is David's college roommate, Loose (Fred Flinny), a rack, crippled boy who will probably remain in people's minds for a long time.

Teitel has wonderful instincts as a writer, planting seeds in the narrative that will later flower into heartbreak. The movie doesn't go the emotional distance as planned, but he has grown and become more ambitious as a writer. *Four Friends* is the halfway house of Teitel's considerable talent.

—L.O.T.

Who was that masked maiden?

ROLLOVER
Directed by Allen J. Pakula

At the end of *Rollercoaster*, when the Arabs pull their holdings out of American banks, a world economic crisis begins and society runs riot—a terrible point to begin a movie.

In the plainly conceived *Rollercoaster*, the Arabs have been secretly but surely hoarding American money, secretly stacking it away at Home Creng's First New York Bank. The head of Waterbury Corporation, a chemical company about to go under, discovers the Arab financial takeover plan and is murdered. His widow, Lee (Janet Phillips), an ex-film star, has her eye on her biggest role yet—chairman of the board at Waterbury—but she needs to secure a \$500 million loan to keep it solvent. Banker Creng has met Kris Kristofferson ever solemnly to help bail out the company, a bank with problems of its own, but it's a dumb move to keep the



Fonda (above): Reynolds: a sensual romance and a kindergarten primer

Arab from going a while longer. With Waterbury having used up all its bank credit, Penda secures a private loan from the Arabs through Kristofferson at the Rumsfeld. But by conspiring, in both the bedroom and the bed, to further their own ambitions, these two are ultimately nursing the global crisis at the end.

As a movie about paranoia, *Rollercoaster* is convincing, and the world of stereotypical finance is accurately conveyed. However, the complicated narrative structure requires the attention span of a saint. And as a romance it's heartless. Penda, wearing long gloves, makes her way down long staircases toward Kristofferson. Simple camp exchange: Jane to Kris following crisis, "I feel like the sack of Gethsemane." "You're so smart."

Kris chides her, and does he deliver a mouthful. Penda is turning into a truly terrible actress, it's as though she's trying to project through a mask. The same could be said of *Rollercoaster*, except it's projecting through two masks. Who cares? Let the Arabs have them both. —L.O.T.

See Burt run, see Burt hurt

SHARKY'S MACHINE
Directed by Bart Reynolds

It's quite possible that a great deal of people know Burt Reynolds better as their own mothers and fathers in *Sharky's Machine*, a jammed-up but essentially routine up opera, all events of the man are on display. There is Burt, quick with a gun and a quip, Burt who adores and is shy with children, Burt who is capable of tears, Burt who falls in love with a whore because he knows she's the girl next door underneath in



all, and Burt the sex symbol with his shirt off. Being a good guy with a highly developed moral sense (he's out to get slinky Vittorio Gassman, a big-brother boyfriend, Atlanta), Burt even loses two fingers trying to restore law and order. It's the kind of hero whom dreams and money are made of. *Sharky's Machine* is a Burt Reynolds machine. We see Burt shoot, see Burt smile, see Burt cry, see Burt hurt—a kindergarten primer on stardom. —L.O.T.

Just a shadow of its former self

GHOST STORY
Directed by John Frawley

Tasteful, well-weighted and lightly charged with atmosphere, *Ghost Story*, from the Peter Struth book series, lacks an emotional core, making it a somewhat empty exercise in style. It doesn't have the subtle, chilly buildup



Imagine R2-D2 with a machine-gun



By Allan Fotheringham

The most significant news item of the year, if not the century, was the delightful surprise out of Tokyo last week recording the world's first murder—we all knew it was coming, let's face it—by a robot. One Kenji Ueda, a 35-year-old maintenance worker, was stabbed to death by a robot at Kawasaki Heavy Industries. It happened last summer but was kept quiet until now—this is the way we do it in robot land—while an investigation was being completed. The two-month investigation—denied—surprised—...that if anyone was to blame it was the experienced Mr. Ueda, who had stepped across a safety barrier and inadvertently started the robot, whose arms stabbed him in the back. When in doubt is in the 1980s, hang in with the robot.

The Japanese, as we know, are ahead of us in these matters of the new age. This may only prove the theory. The news of Mr. Ueda rising to his ancestors came in December—after Allan MacEachern's budget—but in fact he lived until last in July. He preceded the finance minister by four months, the twelfth Mr. MacEachern was being as dead a political commodity as a mackerel that has been left overnight on a Cape Breton bench.

The Ueda-MacEachern parallel, however, is precise. Allan MacEachern, the warden, innocent, precise Nova Scotia banker, was killed by the Ottawa robot in the same fashion as the boss-servant Ueda was pinched by the evil arms of the cunning machine.

To understand this, one must understand something about the Ottawa bureaucracy—and about Allan MacEachern. Of all the vast upper-class minions of the Ottawa servile service, there is no species more serene and eager-willing than the 30,000-plus mandarins of the finance department. They eat potatoes as bars d'œuvres before lunch, like pickled sauternes. They are serene, dead-eyed gent who await the next cabinet minister as Zen Zen Gisho licks in the beefsteak.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for *Southwest News*.

They are, even more than their colleagues in other portfolios, contemptuous of transitory politicians who come and go. The mandarin survives forever, generating a sage whatever delicious schemes they cannot pass beyond the glazed eyes of the previous minister. These conical gent's constantly probe and test. When they cannot succeed with their pet theories, gone is one Rockefeller's cocktail, they merely await the next sucker. What they cannot tell is a dubious John Turner, they test on Don MacDonald. What MacDonald rejects, they gently stick in the ribs of



John Christie. What Christie collectively sniffs out, they jab at John Christie from the millionaire's clubhouse. His firm smell of the beer parlor, could detect something fishy in their estate theories, no polished in Rockefeller.

To their great relief, these kaffias of high IQ and no need on their mandarin mumbled upon Allan MacEachern, a man of high rectitude and noble regard for the common man. He comes from reformist Catholic stock, a Liberal who stands on the left of his party. He is like a coiled cobra in the Commons—no, no, no, Flair, MacDonald and Joe Clark have learned to their peril. But he is like, in a funny way, Clark—a measure of the Commons—entitled in the real world.

He was, as is apparent now, a willing victim. The three-piece finance theorists—who couldn't get their fuzzy theories through Turner, MacDonald, Christie or Christie—found a sympathetic ear in an astute Cape Breton man who has never ventured in his life out-

side a university or government job. Thomas appeal. Blueprints are enticing. At last, the mandarin sense, they have a man they can manipulate. Even better—a man of low vitality who has lately been persuaded of the fact that, considering the low quality of the competition, he missed his last chance of becoming the next prime minister.

All that is needed, suitable diets, a name Robin Hood proof that to sack the NDP he must produce a budget that would give evidence the end rich are being tapped in favor of the noble poor.

Alas, the Cape Breton innocent who seldom ventures outside Ottawa is destroyed by his captors. They are so naïve as to be working of the real world, with their insane structures on investment in residential housing. That the mortified MacEachern had to reverse a major budget provision within days. He has to confess to prevarical finance ministers in bluffs that his report advisors have made a small miscalculation of, um, \$600 million in transactions with the provinces. He stammers daily in the Commons, nervously uncomfortable even within his skilled parliamentary game playing, aware that his budget is the most politically damaging document since the identical Walter Gordon about the latter Prime Minister's government and eventually had to resign.

MacEachern won't resign. But one can see it in his eyes these days as he does the slow coiled cobra act to his tormentors across the Commons carpet. He knows he has been down in Ottawa the newly self-righted Groulx Formula that has lowered his 30-year-old image and the Scoundrel diet that has slurred his frame to televised leadership mode. He's a man in retreat, a man who must appease out the carefully turned reversals and windmills and fine language of a budget that was said to him by theorists who've never left their low beds and their accounting tables. He is grievously wounded, sunk as a believable Trudeau successor.

He too was an "accidental" victim, as was Mr. Ueda. Because he had faith in the robot.

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